

# Ordered Steps

**A Biography of the Lives of Ernest Fremont Ward  
and Phebe Cox Ward, Missionaries to India**



**Author: Ethel Ellen Ward**



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**ORDERED STEPS  
or  
The Wards of India**

By  
Ethel E. Ward

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## ORDERED STEPS



Miss Ethel E. Ward



# ORDERED STEPS

or

## *The Wards of India*

Psalms 37 : 23.

A BIOGRAPHY of the Lives of Ernest Fremont Ward and  
Phebe Elizabeth Cox Ward  
Missionaries to India 1880-1927.

*Written by their eldest daughter*

ETHEL ELLEN WARD

Light and Life Press

WINONA LAKE, IND.

1951

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by  
WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

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## DEDICATION

*To the Missionaries' children whose paths  
have often led to sadness through separa-  
tions, yet thank God for their rich heritage,  
and for the privilege of following in their  
parents' foot-steps.*

*One of them,*

ETHEL E. WARD



Psalms 37: 23 in Different Versions

*"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord: and he delighteth in his way."*—Authorized version. (King James)

*"When a man's life pleases the Eternal, He gives him a sure footing."*—Moffat

*"A man's goings are established of the Lord and He delighteth in his way."*—Moulton

*"A man's goings are established of Jehovah and He delighteth in his way."*—American Standard

*"The steps of a man are from the Lord and He establishes him with whose way He is pleased."*—American Translation, J. M. P. Smith

*"The steps of a man are firmly fixed by the Lord when He delighteth in his way."*—Green

## CHRONOLOGICAL STEPS

“Centennial psychology is surely one of God’s attending angels through whom He is glorified.”—Author of “Bush Aglow.”

1850 and 1853 Births (physical)

1878 and 1873 Second Births (spiritual)

1880 Marriage and sailing for India

1892 First furlough to America

1898 Second furlough to America

1910 Third furlough and Phebe Ward’s death

1914 Second marriage and Elizabeth Tucker Ward’s  
death 1915

1920 Fourth Furlough to America

1927 Fifth and last furlough to America

1937 “Last feeble step” into Glory.





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## PREFACE

"What is your baby's name?" we asked a Christian mother in India.

"Oh, he has not been baptized yet," was the reply, therefore no name.

"What is the name of your book?"

"Yes, this is our brain baby, and we had quite a time naming it.

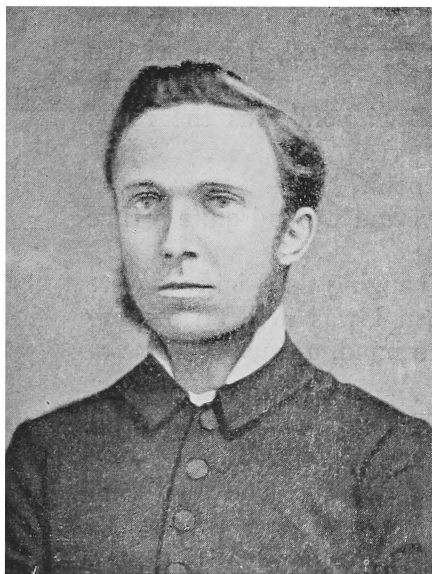
"The toils of the road," "Changing the Figures" were suggested, then one night when I was in Wun praying about it, Psalm 37: 23 came to mind, a favorite verse of my mother.

So my brain baby has been baptized with tears and prayers and goes forth with its name "Ordered Steps."

Here are the true tales of a missionary couple's days in India covering an aggregate of seven decades of service in that great land of India. May my father's daily prayer around the family altar be speedily answered,

"Hasten Thy coming to millions of hearts in that vast and needy Empire."

E. E. W.



Rev. and Mrs. E. F. Ward  
at the beginning of service  
in India in 1880



## CHAPTER I

### FIRST STEPS

Cary station was two miles from the Cox farm by the road, but only one mile down the railway track. Libby Cox enjoyed taking this short cut by the railway track every Wednesday night to prayer meeting at the little plain church at Cary. Ever since Libby had "got religion," as they called it, her dancing feet enjoyed going to the prayer meeting rather than to the dance hall.

Cary village had formerly been called "Hell's Half Acre" on account of the notoriously wicked people living there, but an old fashioned revival came along when some of these got a "dose of religion" which changed the community considerably.

Libby's mother was not religiously inclined but she thought the revival would be a new source of amusement which would add to her "standard stock of jokes." She became alarmed, however, when she heard that her prettiest daughter-in-law had "got religion."

"I calculated on going to see the fun," said Mother Cox "but if any of our folks are taking it seriously, I'll just put my foot down on it."

And she did. She warned her three sons and only daughter Libby not to "get under the spell" of those meetings in Cary. But in spite of her warnings, her boys went, went to the mourner's bench too, and came back with the joy of salvation in their hearts.

"It seems to be mighty catching," remarked Mother Cox, "but I am sure Libby has more sense and won't disgrace the family by getting religion too and shout-

ing like a crazy loon like the rest of them there. She wants fun in her young life."

Yes, Libby wanted fun and she was attracted to the happy lives of her sister-in-law and brothers who had found religion. "They seem to enjoy life even more than



Phebe Cox at 20 years of age

I do at my dances and card parties," thought Libby. She made a secret vow to herself, "I suppose I'll have to get religion some time before I die, and I'm going to get this happy kind if I do."

One night came the decisive hour in her life. "Follow me" was the text of the minister, but a Higher Voice spoke into her very soul, the voice of Jesus who bid her "Follow me."

The tempter said, "You will never have any more fun if you go

that way. Your mother and all your friends will ridicule you and make sport of you."

But the voice of Jesus had gripped her heart. From that hour she was ready to say,

"Farewell my sinful pleasures, farewell my comrades all,

Farewell my earthly treasures, I go at Jesus' call."

It took some courage the next morning to go and ask

her mother's forgiveness, and witness to her own salvation.

"So, you've got religion too, have you, Libby?" said her mother tauntingly.

"Yes, Mother, I've got religion and it's a happy brand. I have more real joy and peace than I have ever had before."

This was the beginning of Libby's weekly walks to the Wednesday night prayer meetings, her "first steps" in the Christian path.

"How changed Libby is now," said her friends. "Even her look is different since she has quit dressing stylishly and taken off her rings and jewelry."

The greatest change was in her home where in the face of opposition she took up her cross in having family worship. She read the Bible and prayed after supper every evening.

As a result of her consistent Christian life her mother was led to the Lord. Not long after, Mother Cox was taken seriously ill. It proved to be her last illness. In her dying hour she called her daughter and said feebly,

"It is all right, Libby. I am ready. I am glad you prayed. Good-bye."

How glad Libby was that she had followed Jesus and was learning to take her first steps in the Christian way.

It was not only Wednesday nights that Libby walked down the railway track to Cary. She enjoyed rising early every Sabbath morning and picking up children along the way who were pupils of her Sunday School class. She enjoyed teaching this class which later became so large it had to be divided into two classes.

One Sunday she invited them to her house to spend the afternoon. There were over twenty girls. It was a never-

to-be-forgotten occasion as they knelt in a circle around their beloved teacher. One of the pupils in referring to it later said, "I never forgot that time. She had us all down on our knees and she put her hand on each of our heads as she came along and prayed for every one of us by name. I peeked through my fingers once to look at her and I thought she looked like an angel as she was praying so earnestly for us all there."

Libby was a born teacher, loving both her pupils and her work. She had been teaching for over ten years holding a Teacher's Certificate which read as follows:

The undersigned having examined Phebe E. Cox in Orthography, Reading in English, Penmanship, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Modern Geography and the History of the United States, and being satisfied that she is of good moral character, hereby certifies that her qualifications in all the above branches are such as to entitle her to this Certificate.

Signed by A. J. KINGMAN,  
County Superintendent of Schools

The Summer after her conversion Libby had heard about the Mission for down-and-outs in Chicago and of their need for money, so she decided to do some gardening in her vacation time and earn money for this needy cause. Her father let her have one fourth of an acre of their large farm, and she decided to raise some onions. In her diary that summer it is recorded forty times, "working among the onions."

One of those mornings a rider on horse back came along and seeing her working busily said,

"Hello Libby, what are you doing, given up your school teaching?"

"O, I am raising some onions, just having a vacation."



"Yes, it looks like a vacation all right," as he noticed her warm face under her sun bonnet and her calloused hands.

"Harder than teaching school, I bet, and such a fine teacher as you are. We would surely miss you, Libby, if you ever left this community."

She had taught once in a place called "Turkey Hollow" and this rider was Ben, one of the young men who had "taken a shine" to young Libby. He with the rest of her young friends could not understand the great change that had come over her. "She was the jolliest of our crowd in our dances and parties, and why she has gone over to those old, plain, long-faced Free Methodists is more than I can understand. She is ruining all her prospects for the future," so he thought as he realized his disappointment in losing her.

But Libby wasn't worrying over her "future" yet.

Another passer-by was Cora, one of her Sunday school pupils. She was going on an errand past the Cox farm one morning, and as she neared the onion patch, she heard her teacher's voice. She looked over the fence and there kneeling in prayer she saw her beloved teacher with glowing face, praying most earnestly.

"I expect she is praying for those down-and-out fellows in Chicago," thought Cora for she had heard that her teacher was planning to send the money from the onions for the Mission in Chicago.

What joy she realized when the onions were all ready for market and her brother Frank sold them for her. "How much did you get for them?" she asked eagerly on his return.

"One hundred dollars" and he handed over ten crisp ten dollar bills.

“Hurrah! One hundred dollars for Missions,” Libby shouted excitedly.

This was her first missionary offering, which she had the joy of sending to the Chicago Mission, later called the “Olive Branch Mission” of Chicago.

But it was not the last. When she prayed in the onion patch that day she heard her Master say, “I do not want just your money. I want you,” and her heart gladly responded, “Yes, Master, I will follow in Thy foot steps to the end of my life.”

## CHAPTER II

### “STEPPING IN THE LIGHT”

Twenty miles from Cary is the town of Geneva, and just on the opposite side of the Fox River that flows between is Saint Charles. Geneva and St. Charles were rival towns ninety years ago. The school boys of those days used to banter each other by calling them names. Geneva was dubbed “dog town” while St. Charles boys were called “pin hooks” for their use of bent pins when they went fishing in the Fox River. Fish hooks were only a penny apiece at that time.

“Ernie” was one of the “dog town” boys but he seldom indulged in bantering others, and it’s doubtful if others bantered him either, although he did wear aprons that resembled girls dresses. In fact, if he ever was teased, he had a loyal ally in his younger cousin who always took his part and fought for him with a threatening fist—“Don’t you dare tease my cousin Ernie.”

He was a great favorite with his grandmother too. She used to say, “Ernie has such a good voice for singing, I would rather hear him sing hymns than attend any big concert in town.” This grandmother woke him up one night greatly excited. “See those meteors in the sky?” she said. “That means there is going to be war.”

Sure enough the civil war broke out the next year. Another time this grandmother saved his life when the house was on fire.

“Wake up Ernie. The house is on fire. You knocked over the lamp when you fell asleep reading.”

Ernie could be called a “book worm” as his interests

lay mostly in books and school, and also in "God's great out of doors." He enjoyed roaming with his father in the beautiful Illinois woods, and listening to the crickets chirp, the birds sing, the frogs croak and the squirrels chatter. He took great delight in collecting geological specimens, stuffed birds, insects, old coins, stamps and autographs of noted men. Making scrap books which contained accounts of birds and animals of all kinds, was another of his hobbies. Books on zoology, botany, geology, astronomy were so fascinating to him that he read them out of school hours as a pastime.

The mottoes that hung on the walls of his school room impressed him:

"Do the best you can. Angels do no more."

"Empty wagons make the most noise."

One of his favorite teachers aimed to establish order by putting the pupils on their honor. "We want to inaugurate here a republican form of government," he told them. "I hope you will all co-operate in making it a success." Most of the pupils conformed very well, but now and then unruly boys would break over the traces, when the teacher would call out quickly,

"Look out there! Be careful, I fear we shall have to establish a monarchy unless there is an improvement."

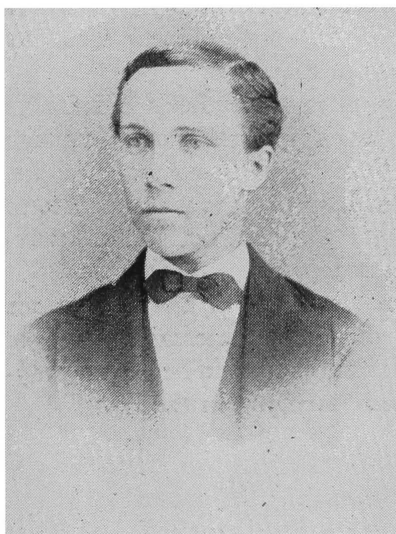
Ernie had an uncle who was very fond of him. He used to say of him, "Ernie was born pious. He never did anything worse than avoid telling the truth."

Geneva was the county seat of Kane County. For many years Ernie's father had an abstract office just across the street from the court house. The house may be seen there yet if one visits Geneva.

"Son, I want you to be my helper in my abstract

office" said his father one day. In preparation for it Ernie attended Commercial College in Chicago, where he enjoyed his studies. One of his amusing memories was the answer his teacher gave in class one day.

A student in Commercial Law class asked, "Supposing the accused in a case did not know the law, would he for that reason be acquitted?"



Ernest Ward at 18 years of age

The teacher who was an astute lawyer replied, "If such were the case, the next thing you would see would be a procession a mile long in the street composed entirely of hearses! And in each hearse would be the corpse of a dead lawyer who had died of starvation."

After finishing his studies in the Chicago Commercial College Ernie began work in his father's office in Geneva.

He continued working there for ten years and was considered a fine moral young man.

Every Sunday found him going to the house of God. He went to Sunday School and service following, he sang in the choir, attended week night meetings, was an earnest supporter of the Bible Society organized in Geneva, and being its secretary for many years he was made a life member of the Bible Society.

But all his church work seemed to be more of a routine than joyous service for the Master. He longed for a more victorious way of living. His heart did not seem hard with sin, but there was no great light within. He prayed most earnestly for a real "born again" experience. Finally God answered his heart hunger and he knew he had "passed from death unto life." He knew there was a radical change within. He no longer simply "tried" to walk "in the steps of the Savior," but he knew each day that he was indeed "stepping in the light."

He began living his religion in his father's office. He reproved those who were swearing or using bad language in his presence. He began reading more religious books. His thoughts and prayers led him away from the office to those in distant lands, to those who had not had the privileges of hearing the Gospel as he had.

He prayed for the Bible Society and all the various lands where it went with the Gospel message. He got in touch with a missionary from India and he began praying for India as he continued "stepping in the light."

## CHAPTER III

### MERGED STEPS

Illinois boasts of many streams and lakes, ideal spots for camp meetings where young people may meet and get acquainted! So it happened in the summer of 1880 the "pin hooks" of St. Charles had a great camp meeting in their town. It really turned out that some matrimonial hooks were thrown in that region for that is where Ernie and Libby first met.

Before Libby knew his name she called him the young man with such a "heavenly smile" on his face, and Ernie knew her as "the school teacher." Somebody introduced them of course and one day Ernie screwed up his courage to speak to Libby as she was sitting in front of her tent.

"Sister Phebe," he began, "Are you interested in Missions?"

"Yes," she answered "I have been very interested in the Mission recently opened in Chicago."

"Yes, that is the one on Desplaines Street," he said.

Then, "are you interested in foreign missions?"

"I fear I do not know much about foreign missions," she frankly replied.

"Then perhaps you would be interested in reading these leaflets and tracts," he said as he handed her some literature about India.

"Where did you get them?"

"A friend of mine named Albert Norton has been a missionary in India for some years. Now he is detained in this country on account of poor health but he is trying

to interest other young people in that great land so they will go out and evangelize it."

"Thank you for these leaflets," she replied. "I'm sure I'll enjoy reading them."

In a few days the camp closed and she returned to her home with new interest in missions, and also a new ambition.

"If that 'heavenly smile' young man is planning on going to India as a missionary," she told herself, "perhaps I can save money from my teaching and help pay his fare to India. Our church has no money to support him in that far away land."

She often read the lines he had written in her autograph album,—

"Dear Sister in Jesus, 'For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.' Be careful to obey God, maintain your consecration, and keep under the blood. Your brother in the Promised Land,

Ernest F. Ward"

Ernest and Phebe had some correspondence and then they met again at another camp meeting—lovely Silver Lake with its sparkling water surrounded by beautiful elms and oaks and an apple orchard. Here in this beautiful Grove (one of God's first temples) His people met and sang and shouted—a joyous occasion—feasting on spiritual dainties from God's great store house (the Bible).

One who was present said, "I can never forget Silver Lake camp meeting, especially the night when Phebe received a special commission for her future life work."

It was on a Monday evening, the sweet singers of



Zion were tuning their vocal chords with praise and consecration when an invitation for special dedication was given. Phebe arose and walked down the aisle alone and knelt at the altar. Soon the glory of the Lord came upon her and she began walking back and forth repeating the prophetic words, "India, India, India."

"O God, I thank Thee for this night's experience," she wrote in her diary for that day, August 30, 1880. "The conviction came upon me that I must continue marching till it took me clear to India."

Phebe was not alone in the blessing received that evening. Ernest was also present, one of the young preachers on the platform. After the meeting closed, there was a heavy rain outside, but these two young people were oblivious to all as, finding a dry spot, they sat down under a tent and "talked it all over" together concerning their future life work and their relation to each other.

On returning home Phebe had a letter from Ernest in which he wrote "You remember I told you about my friend Albert Norton who gave me those booklets on India. He has just written me that he believes it's God's will I go to India as a missionary. Then he adds, 'Take Phebe Cox with you as a life companion. As Jesus sent out His disciples two by two, so today He sends them out in couples.' The Word says 'One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight,' so by merging our steps our usefulness will be increased ten fold. God bless you. This agrees with my conviction too, and I believe we can trust God to give us the means to support us."

Thus were merged the paths of these two young people in Illinois, two hearts united with one purpose, one calling

and one destination as their field of service for their future life work.

The culmination date came two months later. Phebe had given up her school teaching and Ernest had left his work in the abstract office. Phebe went to Woodstock, about ten miles away where there were better dry goods stores than in Cary and bought her wedding dress, a gray poplin, and a kind sister-in-law helped her make it.

There was much commotion in the Cox home that October morning in 1880. The big dining tables were loaded with good things for a wedding feast. Forty people were present to celebrate the occasion. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. C. B. Ebey. At the close of the ceremony he laid his hands on the heads of Phebe and Ernest and prayed for them,

"O God, we dedicate these two young lives to Thee and Thy cause this day. May they be set apart as truly as Paul and Barnabas were to the work whereunto Thou hast called them. Go with them on their long journey to India and their longer journey through life."

Fervent 'Amens' followed this prayer. But another scene was transpiring in one of the rooms upstairs. Phebe's youngest brother Frank was down on his knees crying and moaning, struggling in soul to give up his beloved sister. "How can I give her up, Lord? And she going so far away—never to see her again on earth!"

"O Frank," said Phebe, as she tried to comfort him. "Don't you remember how hard it was for me to give you up when you went to war years ago? But you said your country needed you. Then how much more does God's cause need volunteers in His army than even our country does. We daily pray 'Thy kingdom come' then can we hesitate to sacrifice something to answer this prayer?"

As for wedding presents for this bride and groom, there was little given as their relatives and friends received no satisfactory reply when they asked "What will you need over there in India?"

"I don't know," was Phebe's frank reply. In her ignorance she had given away many of her belongings as books, pictures, furniture, clothes, etc. Their entire outfit for India was contained in one small trunk and a portmanteau, as it was called then, now a suit case.

One neighbor said, "You seem to be carrying out Jesus' injunction to His disciples, 'Carry neither purse nor scrip.'"

"He said 'neither shoes' but we do have them," said Phebe. "I don't know if we will need them in a hot country like India."

"Perhaps we can claim the promise, 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass,'" suggested Ernest, "That would be durable to say the least."

"Those verses are in Deuteronomy, aren't they?" said Phebe. "The special promise God gave me for going to India is also in Deuteronomy 31:8. 'And the Lord, he it is that doth go before thee; he will be with thee, he will not fail thee, neither forsake thee: fear not, neither be dismayed.' Isn't this a wonderful promise to take to India with me, even better than a big outfit."

At the Illinois annual conference, October 6-10, 1880, Mr. Ward made it known that he and his wife felt that God was calling them to India and they asked the prayers of the church. The conference passed the following resolution.

Twenty-first Annual Session of the Illinois Conference of  
The Free Methodist Church  
held at Freeport, Ill., Oct. 6-10, 1880.  
President, E. P. Hart; Secretary, J. G. Terrill  
*Resolution.*

Whereas, Our dear Brother, E. F. Ward, believing that God has called him to go to India as a missionary; and whereas he and his wife have decided to obey that call, going forth with their lives in their hands and paying their own expenses;

Therefore be it resolved, That we waive the usual recommendation from a Quarterly Conference and receive our brother on trial, that he may go forth under the auspices and with the sanction of this Conference. Also that he be ordained both Deacon and Elder, that he may be authorized to administer the sacrament, and that a Certificate of the standing of Bro. Ward and his wife be granted them under the signature of the President and Secretary.

*President, E. P. HART*  
*Secretary, J. G. TERRILL*

Preparations for departure continued. All too quickly came the parting hour. The snow was fast falling that cold November day and the tears of loved ones were falling faster. Phebe said farewell to her aged father whom she never expected to see again, but she was glad he was ready to go above where there were no more partings. The young couple boarded the train, the whistle blew, wet handkerchiefs waved and they were off on their long honeymoon trip to far-away India.

## CHAPTER IV

### STEPPING FORWARD

At the Chicago depot they had a memorable farewell. Many of their church friends were gathered there to say Good-bye. Phebe was full of joy and she sang alone a favorite hymn,

“O the cross has wondrous beauty,  
Oft I’ve found it to be true.  
When I’m in the way so narrow,  
I can see a pathway through;  
And how sweetly Jesus whispers,  
Take the cross, thou needst not fear,  
For I’ve trod the way before thee,  
And the glory lingers near.”

In describing the occasion T. B. Arnold said, “It was a veritable pentecost of blessing, bringing tears to the bystanders as they heard the singing, speeches and shouts of the pilgrims who had gathered to say farewell.

The young couple boarded the East bound train, and soon to their surprise one of Ernest’s friends from his father’s office also boarded it.

“How do you do?” he said hurriedly, “I hear you are starting on a long voyage.”

“Yes, for life,” answered Ernest.

“Via India,” added Phebe.

“That is a long way to be sure,” said Ernest’s friend, “but good luck to you. Hope you have a safe voyage. Write us some time. Here’s something for postage,” and handing them a letter left abruptly with scarcely time for a thank you. It contained a five dollar bill with a

farewell letter from Ernest's friends in his office.

"How kind of them to remember us," commented Ernest.

Before reaching New York they had another surprise in meeting a young couple who also had just been married and were on their honeymoon trip.

"We remember seeing you at camp meeting," said the newly weds by way of introduction, "and we read in our church paper that you were sailing for India soon. But this is a surprise to meet you on the same train we are on too. Your trip is much longer than ours, however."

"Why. You are our *first* foreign missionaries!" they exclaimed.

"Yes, but I hope we won't be the last," answered Ernest. "Our church needs a wider outlook to see the need of missionary work in foreign lands."

"We bid you God speed, and hope and pray your going will stir up real missionary interest throughout the borders of our beloved Zion."

"God grant it," said Phebe fervently.

"In wishing you God speed" they continued, "we want to give you some tithe money to help you along a bit. You'll probably find plenty of uses for it before reaching your journey's end."

"Yes indeed, and thank you very much," said the India couple.

"If it's not being too curious, we are wondering how you were able to get your fare to India," they inquired. "It must be quite a sum."

"Yes, our combined tickets from New York to India \$500," replied Ernest, "and I am glad to tell you where it came from."

"The Lord has given me a companion," he continued,

and he beamed with pleasure as he turned toward Phebe. "She is the one who is furnishing the funds that are paying our passage to India."

"What sacrifice!" they exclaimed.

"Oh, No!" replied Phebe, "I'm glad of the privilege of having a share in giving the Gospel to the regions beyond where they need it so much."

"You'll reap a rich reward some day. God bless you and give you great success over there. We must soon be getting off. Goodbye."

"Pray for us," said the India couple.

"Yes, we will," was the answer. The conductor called out "Rochester, Rochester," and the two young couples waved farewells to each other.

"The Lord is raising up friends for us everywhere," said Phebe.

They met friends at Oberlin, Ohio, and others along the way, until they reached New York where still more church friends greeted them and went to the wharf to see them off on the boat.

"One by one the tendrils of my heart are being cut," Phebe wrote home, "but God does it so tenderly."

They sailed on the steamship "Anchoria" of the Anchor Line. They both stood on the deck straining their eyes to see the last view of their own dear home land. Slowly and silently their boat steamed out of the harbor, the Statue of Liberty was passed, and all the surrounding scenes. Finally they were out of sight of land.

"Goodbye, America," said Phebe, "I wonder when we will see you again."

There was not much to see in their voyage across the Atlantic but there was much to feel. Sometimes they were too "full for utterance" so expressed their feelings in

moans and groans and looking over the rails of the ship!

"Will this boat ever stop! Oh, to be on terra firma once more!"

So they hailed with delight the arrival in Glasgow and they landed with their single trunk and hand bag, thence going by train to London.

"After all our days on the water (ten days) we surely enjoyed the land once more. The scenery is so beautiful," wrote Phebe. "Lovely green gardens around the picturesque houses, winding roads, shady lanes, hills and dales succeed each other and blend so beautifully in one harmonious whole. I can fancy it all a dream and I will soon wake up to find myself in my room at home in Cary—but no, life is too real and I know I am really on my way to India."

At London they stopped at a missionary home where they met the saintly Mrs. Boardman with whom they had sweet Christian fellowship. A few days of sight-seeing passed quickly, then they set sail on the last lap of their long journey to India. It led through the British Channel, Bay of Biscay (always risky for poor sailors), Straits of Gibraltar, Mediterranean Sea, Red Sea, and Indian Ocean. They enjoyed the Suez Canal and with longing eyes they looked forward to see the first glimpse of the country to which they had been travelling so long. The ship seemed so slow in reaching land!



## CHAPTER V

### STEPPING OUT INTO THE UNKNOWN

Gen. 12 : 1

January 16, 1881 marks an important date in the lives of this young couple who will hereafter be called Mr. and Mrs. Ward. That day they caught their first glimpse of India and arrived at Prince's Dock, Bombay. It was dusk by the time they landed but a Parsi gentleman met them who had been sent by some missionary friends to whom they had written previously. He kindly helped them through the customs and into a "gari" (two wheeled horse carriage) which brought them to the home of Colonel and Mrs. Oldham in Girgaum.

This home seemed like heaven to them. After being cramped up in a tiny cabin for many weeks, with little appetite and shippy smells, then to be transported to the beautiful palm shaded, spacious bungalows of Bombay was far beyond their brightest dream of India. They found most interesting all the sights and sounds (and smells) of the orient here. They enjoyed visiting some mission schools too and meeting missionaries Bowen, Jacobs, Mody, Hume, Gladwin, Osborne, Churchill, Taylor.

After these delightful days in Bombay they boarded the train for the last stretch of their journey, now bound for Badnera, Berar. The scenery through the hills of Western India they thought "truly magnificent." Arriving at Badnera, they took an ox-cart and rode to Ellichpur where they were warmly welcomed by Rev. and Mrs. Sibly of the A. M. Mission. Here ended their long

journey of 11,313 miles from their Illinois home.

On their arrival here they received their first mail from America—how they enjoyed hearing from their loved ones! Mrs. Ward's brother wrote, "When I turned back home after bidding you goodbye, it was the most desolate looking house I ever saw; it seemed as though there was not a soul in it—all gone." Six weeks later the same brother wrote of their father's death, the very day they had landed in India. After both of these occasions, Mrs. Ward wrote in her diary, "My tears fell like rain while reading this."

She wrote them, "Do write often. We look forward so eagerly to hear from you. The foreign mail comes but once a week, and how disappointed we are when nothing comes from you."

Mr. and Mrs. Ward had scarcely anything for keeping house, so they were thankful to have a home with these new friends. "Ellichpur is a beautiful place," she wrote, "a river runs by our bungalow."

They recorded many new and novel sights those first few weeks there. Wedding processions both day and night, bands of music, torches, horses (if the people were wealthy), a "palki" resembling a boat covered with cloth and ornamented with paper trimmings in which sat the bridegroom, a boy of ten, a red covered coach with the child bride, drawn by bullocks and followed by twenty-four bullock carts. The "palki" was borne on the shoulders of men and there were fireworks at night and much noise and din, feasting and dancing most of the night.

They also saw their first sight of a "fakir," religious beggar, nearly nude and covered with ashes. They saw idols covered with red paint and people worshipping them. They saw a Mohammedan cemetery. In the center

was a "mosque" surrounded by graves and monuments in all stages of preservation.

By contrast they enjoyed the beautiful Government garden here where a band played every evening and English officers played tennis. Then there were beautiful moonlights. "Pen pictures are not equal to the task of depicting moonlight nights in India."

But it was the *people* who interested them most, although they were not able to converse with them yet. "I am really drawn to these dark-faced children," wrote Mrs. Ward. She had heard of the mission school here that was needing a teacher and she had consecrated to come and teach, but others had come to teach temporarily and of course she had to get the language of the people before attempting to teach. Urdu and Hindi were the languages spoken and a mixture of both was called Hindustani.

It was while here, they had the joy of seeing their first baptismal service in India. It was a "beautiful scene" Mrs. Ward wrote, "to see three precious souls coming out of the darkness of heathendom into the light of the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ. I esteem it a blessed privilege to witness such a sight."

One evening only three months after their arrival in India, they were "casting up accounts" as they called it. They found they had only one pice left (half a cent) not enough to post a letter even. They read Matthew 6 for family worship that evening, "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him." They went to bed in the calm assurance that their heavenly Father would provide for all their needs.

The very next foreign mail brought a check from Chicago, their denominational printing office where "Baker and Arnold" were the business managers. The

check was for twenty pounds and a half which came to 245 Rupees and eleven annas in Indian money. This enabled them to pay their board and "munshi" (language teacher) and "dhobi" (washerman) and other bills. Of course the Doxology was the next thing on their program.

"Clothes wear out so fast here," wrote Mrs. Ward "for the 'dhobi' pounds them on the rocks in washing them. I have had to cut off the buttons from my clothes every time they were washed as they slap them on a big stone and it breaks all the buttons. So I have bought seven dozen buttons that are made of thread by women here in Ellichpur, two cents a dozen! Now it won't take all my time cutting off and sewing on buttons. They are pretty ones too."

Their only difficulties were not in material things. It was not always easy to lift up the banner of holiness as they felt God's call to do it. One evening at family prayers came a special touch from the Lord. "The barriers are being thrown down by a breath from the throne," says their diary. "We are having our windows open toward Jerusalem and the heavenly breezes are blowing this way. Glory."

Another evening they were praying for the ministers at home by name, and in thinking of them, Mrs. Ward wrote, "Such an indescribable homesickness came over me, and for the first time since I left home I felt I had made a sacrifice, and best of all God had accepted it as such, and Oh, how He blest me in it."

## CHAPTER VI

### “WATCH YOUR STEP”

Studying the language was the great task that really occupied most of their time in Ellichpur. They hired a teacher (“munshi”) who came to their house and taught them two hours every day.

Some little Christian children living in the same yard as they did said to them through an interpreter, “We are going to pray that you may be able to talk to us very soon—four weeks.”

Evidently their prayers were answered quite speedily as Mrs. Ward wrote in her diary just four weeks after beginning its study, “I have now learned 615 words in my Hindustani vocabulary.” In another month she was taking part in the family prayers held among the people living on their compound (yard).

But making some mistakes in the language was inevitable. One day she was telling an Indian woman about her baby niece in America, who was nine months old and weighed eleven “seers.” A “sir” in India is a weight meaning two pounds, but it is also the Hindustani word for “head.”

“What!” said the Indian woman in astonishment, “You say your niece in America has eleven heads!”

After due explanations all enjoyed a hearty laugh.

Some months later she attempted having a little Sunday School with the children in their neighborhood.

One Sunday morning calling her Indian helper she said, “Gather all the children together for Sunday School now.” Or at least she thought she had said that, but

when the time came for Sunday School she saw outside instead of a crowd of chattering children, a yard full of squawking chickens! It was only the difference of one letter, "Mulgi" meant *children*, "Murgi" meant *chickens*. She always remembered the difference after that.

But of all her experiences where she needed to "watch her step" it was in Khandwa, a railway junction near there where lived many English speaking people. Mr. and Mrs. Ward were invited to help in some revival meetings there. As they had been studying Hindustani so intensely they thought the change to services in English would be beneficial, and they did enjoy it too. There were different missionary speakers each evening.

One night the sermon was about Moses' serpent in the wilderness and the speaker referred to the cobra snake so common in India.

"Sin is like the soporific poison of the cobra," said he. "It puts its victim to sleep, and the only remedy is to rouse the one that is bitten and keep him awake."

The message seemed to grip the audience and several men went forward and found the Lord.

When Mr. and Mrs. Ward were retiring that evening, Mr. Ward asked his wife, "Did you notice what a happy look came on the face of that black haired young man who was converted this evening?"

"Do you mean the one with a goatee like you have?" she said.

"Yes, and I hope he will remain true to the Lord." he answered.

Unbeknown to them this very man was sleeping in the room next to them. After retiring Mrs. Ward had a nightmare and dreamed that her husband had been bitten by a cobra! In her sleep she slipped out of bed and went

into the next room. She grabbed the man's goatee with one hand and the hair of his head with the other, and began shaking him vigorously. The man woke up, was frightened and began screaming.

But Mrs. Ward was still in her dream. "I must wake Ernest," she thought and the louder the man screamed, the harder she shook him.

The screams woke up Mr. Ward in the adjoining room, and missing his wife, he called out, "Phebe, Phebe, where are you? What are you doing?"

Her husband's voice woke her up, she realized she was not shaking the right person! Trembling with embarrassment, she said to the young man, "Oh! I humbly beg your pardon."

In true English fashion, he politely answered, "Don't mention it." But in relating the incident to a friend the next day, he said, "I thought it was the devil after me, but it looked like Mrs. Ward."

They were thankful they had a sense of humor which often oiled up some of the hard things they had to encounter along the way. One time they were travelling in ox-carts from Ellichpur to Chikalda. It was a hard trip of twenty-two miles over steep, rough, rocky roads. It began to rain and they were a "sorry looking set."

The road became more and more muddy. It was with great difficulty that the "gari-walla" (oxen driver) could make the bullocks walk at all. The cart wheels went into the mud up to the hubs. The bullocks were barely wiggling, but instead of the driver getting angry and beating them cruelly (as they did sometimes), he inspired their courage by talking to them in a dry humorous fashion,

"O my king, my diamond, my ruby, my sons! Haven't

you got anything in your stomachs? Are you dead? Just a little farther now. We will soon be there. Then I'll give you the best grass you ever saw."

They reached their destination the next morning at three o'clock. Their baggage came on camels.

Sixteen inches of rain fell in Chikalda one day that rainy season.

"Little by little, the time went by,  
Short if they sang through it,  
Long, if they sighed."



## CHAPTER VII

### DANGER'S STEP, GOD'S HELP

The rainy season was on now; downpours of rain often resulted in floods swelling the river near their house and crossing was impossible. Once the flood came rushing down as a mighty torrent and caught two men who were gathering sticks on the bank of the river and they were drowned. In another river near Ellichpur twenty-seven people were drowned.

The rainy season often brings out more reptiles than other seasons. One day in July they heard of a man in the bazaar (market place) who had been bitten by a snake and had died immediately afterwards. But it was eight months after their arrival that Mrs. Ward tells of seeing her first live snake in India. It was gliding along on the road and all thought of killing it was forgotten in the anxiety of saving an Indian woman who was standing right in the direct path of the snake. But with her back to it, she was unaware of its presence. Mrs. Ward tried to warn the woman in danger who paid no heed, however, and stood motionless. The snake simply glided along right between her feet and was soon out of sight. Thus was the woman saved.

Another time they heard of rabid dogs that were going about in the bazaar and had bitten several pet dogs. Cholera, however, was the greatest danger at this season of the year. Scores of deaths by this deadly scourge were reported among the Indian people who knew so little about sanitation and prevention in times of dangers like this.

But this year when cholera was so rampant there was a death even in the English community. A baby in the home of an English official took the disease and in spite of doctors and medicine the little thing soon breathed its last. Mr. Ward was asked to conduct the funeral service. Later he also caught the disease, but prayer was made unceasingly for him and God answered. What a relief it was to the young wife when he was out of danger.

Another danger common in this season of the year was the little creature with a "venomous sting" called a scorpion. Once Mrs. Ward found a scorpion in her clothes. Discovering it when she sat down and felt it squirming, she arose quickly, shook it out and killed it before it stung her. Then she trembled as she realized her deliverance from this dreaded creature. "Thank Thee, Lord, for saving me from its sting," was her note of praise that evening.

There were bears and tigers in the jungles around Chikalda (mentioned in the last chapter). On one occasion as they were travelling in ox-carts two bears met them in the road. It was night. There were six carts in the procession. All the oxen stopped when they saw those black bears in the road. Every ox driver's heart seemed to stop beating too. What could they do? O! they still had their tongues! They could yell at the top of their voices, and they did. When their voices got hoarse, they beat tin cans, and pulled the bells around the oxen's necks. In short they made such a noise the bears decided to let that noisy crowd go by, so they stepped out of the way and let them pass!

Another time a lone tiger appeared on the road. The ox driver wanted to get off the cart and run, but the missionary persuaded him to turn the oxen around and head

for home. The tiger not being hungry just watched the oxen turn around. When they did, it required no "cranking their tails" to make them go! Their hoofs scarcely touched the ground as they fled homeward. The tiger decided to head for home too, and disappeared into the jungle. Thus were the lives of these missionaries saved from danger.

Mr. Ward had one jungle experience he never forgot. He was alone walking from village to village preaching the gospel, carrying a water bottle and a cloth bag containing some food and Scripture portions. The weather was warm, the water in his bottle was finished, he kept tramping on and on hoping to find some water somewhere. His food was finished too but he felt famished for water. Water! After many hours of tramping he finally arrived at a village too faint to speak but the villager knew he wanted water. He kindly brought some in his brass "lota." The thirsty man drank it eagerly! Then he noticed the villager was covered with the dreaded small pox!

Just then Mr. Ward remembered Mark 16:18, "If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them." He claimed the promise and went on his way trusting in the Lord, and felt no ill effects from drinking this small-pox infected water. He went through many dangers both seen and unseen.

Once he had an Indian worker travelling with him, but somehow they lost each other, drifted apart, lost their way in the jungle, and wandered farther and farther apart. Mr. Ward usually had a map of the villages where he attempted to preach and sell Gospels, (or give them away if the people were able to read) but the map was with the Indian worker this time. Mr. Ward thought

there were plenty of villages in these jungles, but he walked on and on, and never found a village.

"There are plenty of wild animals in these jungles, I know" thought Mr. Ward. "Perhaps I'll have to find one of their lairs to sleep in tonight if I can't find a village anywhere."

The night became darker and darker. It was before the day of "flash lights" and Mr. Ward could scarcely tell in which direction he was walking. The moon was not up yet and the jungle was too full of foliage to get light from the stars which he always enjoyed watching at night. He would stop and listen for any voices. "If only some one would come along to ask the direction to the village, any village where I might stay for the night."

Listen! Yes, there was a noise, but only an owl. It can't tell me direction. He heard peculiar noises of birds and wild animals, peacocks and jackals, but they all lived in the jungles. He kept tramping on. Another noise! Listen! That is not a wild animal's noise this time. What is it? *Barking!* A dog's bark! Ah, yes, that means a human habitation.

Mr. Ward said, "That was one of the most welcome noises I ever heard in all my life, for I knew it meant I had reached a village." He slept in safety that night and realized "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Psa. 34:7.

## CHAPTER VIII

### NEW STEPS IN HOUSE-KEEPING

At the end of their first year in language study, Mr. and Mrs. Ward felt they should open up mission work in a place where they were more needed than in Ellichpur. Mr. Ward took reconnoitering trips to Yeotmal and Burhanpur and other places looking for a suitable location for a mission station. Finally they felt the "pillar of fire" leading them to Burhanpur, a city of 34,000 people but without a single Gospel worker. It was in the Nimar District bordering on Berar, about forty miles from Ellichpur.

As they contemplated starting housekeeping for themselves, they began to accumulate a few necessary articles. A lamp, table, pitcher, pillow, 2 spoons, 2 soup plates and 4 boxes of matches were their first donations, thankfully received. These were supplemented by articles bought in the bazaar (market), a frying pan, tongs, 2 beds, 2 chairs, 4 plates, 2 tumblers, a bowl, a tin cup, a lantern, commodes and a tin wash basin.

They packed these few earthly possessions and went by train, arriving at Burhanpur station at eight o'clock in the morning. Here they hired two small oxcarts which took them three miles to the city. As these cushionless, shadeless, springless carts jogged along over the rough stony road, the words of the oft-repeated question "Whose things are these?" "*Kiss ka saman high?*" were firmly fixed in their memory.

A "house" had been promised them there, but when they reached it, they found only a tumbled down ruin

of one room built in a wall by the river which runs past the city. There were steps in the wall leading down to the river but they were lined with high grown weeds and thick woods all around everywhere. The "house" had broken walls, dirt floor, no windows, no doors, nor even frames for any, but an opening for exit, and they remarked gratefully, "the floor had been swept, so it was not so bad!" The water in the river was "beautifully clear" though warm, but the air which seemed "good" was poisoned with mosquitos, though they did not know it at the time.

An Indian Christian had come with them as far as the railway station, and left them. Then they engaged a cook who stayed a few hours with them in their desolate jungle home (?) when he ran off and they were "left with empty stomachs and tired nerves to shift for themselves." They had a little condensed milk and ate it with the bread left from their lunch basket, then went to a sleepless bed where they tumbled and tossed most of the night.

The next morning they browned some coffee in the frying pan and burned their hands badly as their only "stove" was an open fire place on the floor. They also boiled some wheat whole for porridge and ate it with condensed milk. Then came family prayers.

"O Lord," prayed the lonely young bride, "Thou seest Ernest has not the strength with his fasting to walk the three miles to get some one to cook for us, and we do not know the language well enough to do much marketing. O Lord, do send some one to help us out."

This prayer was answered for three men appeared at their door (?) that day. One took some wheat to grind into flour, another promised to carry water, while a

third who could talk English promised to be their cook. But he went after his bedding, so that evening their only companion was a stray dog whom they decided to feed, as he *would* stay and probably he would be protection for them in time of danger.

Evidently Mrs. Ward did not call this living quarters in the jungle a "home," for she writes of moving from there into the city into a house which she calls "my first home in India." It was in the Machli Bazaar, Fish Market. The carts did not come to move their things until after dark for which they were thankful as "the people would have stared at us so in the daylight."

This new house was small with "no conveniences," no windows, dirt floor, mud walls, but there were two rooms, the larger having a matting wall on one side, and the whole house was being white-washed which made it "sanitary." So they were thankful for this clean spot in which to settle and call "home."

As for servants, "It is not a luxury for us to have them," Mrs. Ward wrote. "We would be so glad if we did not have to be bothered with them but they seem to be 'necessary evils' in order to get our housework done in this land. The worst feature is the caste system which keeps them from being efficient in service."

"Caste means separate and fixed classes of society. They who obey the rules of their class are said to 'keep caste.' The most trouble they have is in their eating and drinking. No one will eat our food after it is cooked, nor drink from our earthen jars where we keep our drinking water. One servant would not eat any of our food mixed with water but will eat fruit from our hand. One servant went a quarter of a mile away for drinking water rather than get it from a faucet which had been

touched by one of a lower caste. Another would not touch a hen or eggs or even the basket that contained them as he said the eggs had animal life inside them. Still another will not touch fowls but will bring the eggs and also eat birds."

"What is the difference between fowls and birds?" I asked him.

"I cannot tell, but my caste rules say not to touch fowls or their dishes" was his answer. He could not lift a mat that a lower caste man was lifting with him without bathing immediately afterwards to wash away the pollution. No one was allowed to go near his dishes or place of cooking. Ernest, not knowing it, went near one day, and he threw away his cooked food, scoured his dishes, smeared his fireplace and cooked his dinner all over again!

"A farmer we wanted to hire was willing to do all required except bring our drinking water. He could water the garden and bring water for washing and bathing but not for drinking. 'I will be out of caste if I do,' he told me.

"Another man we wanted to hire said he could not touch our earthen jars of drinking water. He could bring the water and pour it into them, but not touch them to wash them out!"

Such were a few of the experiences Mrs. Ward had in the "luxury" of having servants when she started keeping house and hiring Hindu servants.

During their first few months in Burhanpur they moved four times—from the jungle to the fish market, then near the water tower which proved so damp that Mr. Ward developed rheumatism; next they found a place near the library and school which was very noisy and



dusty. Finally they found a two story house across from a Hindu temple and near a Mohammedan mosque.

Imagine their joy at this juncture to get mail and money from America, \$100 from Baker and Arnold, which was a great boon in getting settled in their new surroundings. They soon made arrangements to hire a "munshi" (teacher) to again take lessons in Urdu which was spoken by all the Moslems who lived in that city. The "munshi" came daily to their house and taught two hours for six rupees a month pay.

One morning a shop keeper came running up to Mr. Ward's side and spoke very quietly as though he was revealing a secret. He spoke in English—

"You want beer, brandy? I sell—very good—you come—buy—my place."

Mrs. Ward knew enough Urdu to answer him most emphatically, "Beer, brandy—bilkul kharab high."

Their neighbors all soon learned that these new missionaries were not like other white people they had seen there who indulged in these harmful intoxicating drinks.

Mrs. Ward never defiled her table with these drinks that have been such a curse to humanity all down the ages. She learned to boil her drinking water to make it pure and bought buffalo's milk undiluted (if possible) and boiled it too, and lived the "simple life" in diet and clothing and trusted in the Heavenly Father to keep her well in spite of all the dangers that surround one in this proverbial "bad climate."

## CHAPTER IX

### STEPPING INTO OPEN DOORS

Wherever Mr. and Mrs. Ward lived, inquirers found their way to their door. They became acquainted with all their neighbors around them. At first the people were curious about these new comers. "Why have they come here? What do they want? Isn't there enough work in their country for them?" etc. were some of the questions asked them.

"We do not need any new religion. What was good enough for our fathers is good enough for us. Why should these of another religion want to make us different and give up our old customs," and other such expressions showed the opposition that many felt in their hearts toward these new missionaries. But they went in the byways and roadways and held street meetings wherever they could get an audience. Sometimes they were scoffed and ridiculed and often were treated to "doses of mud and manure."

Once Mr. Ward was so plastered with manure that it was with difficulty that his clothes were cleaned again. Another time they had an Indian preacher with them who was kicked and slapped. Mr. Ward was hit on the cheek by a stone and when the police interfered, he too was abused, but later the abuser was taken to jail. Mr. Ward and his Christian helper felt akin to the apostles who "rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His Name."

All these experiences enlarged the circle of their acquaintances because it made "news" and other people

wanted to see these new faces, white folks, and hear about their "Guru" (religious leader), Jesus, that they talked so much about. They became acquainted with some of the wealthy Indian gentlemen of the city. Mrs. Ward called on their women in their private zenanas or harems. These wealthy ladies seldom went out of their zenanas or harems and they welcomed the missionaries gladly, and on their leaving would say, "Come again. Come soon. We like to have you come and see us."

"Yes, we will come again some time," replied the missionary, and left with a prayer in her heart that they would welcome Jesus into their hearts too.

Mrs. Ward having been a teacher in America always enjoyed working among the children. One Saturday afternoon she went to the bazaar and spoke to the children there in the Hindustani language. "For my first attempt I was not much bothered for words," she wrote. Soon after, she started a Sunday School in her home which she continued to keep up all her remaining days in India. Only six boys came the first Sabbath but the attendance increased gradually.

The children having no clocks at home did not know the time for Sunday school, so one Sunday they came at five different times. The missionaries taught the first three delegations but told the two later groups they must come at nine o'clock. The children enjoyed learning the songs, and how lustily they would sing!

The attendance increased to forty or fifty, then there was a temporary lull during the rainy season when cholera was raging. The missionaries gave out some medicine which proved effectual, but the casualties in the city increased to 50 or 60 deaths daily.

Among the deaths was their Indian preacher's wife

who passed away within an hour after being taken seriously ill with the cholera. Her baby had also died shortly before and this was the first Christian funeral in that heathen city. Mr Ward made the coffin for the preacher's wife and was able to hire some one to dig the grave but it was difficult to get any one to help put the corpse in the coffin. Aside from the danger of the disease a greater danger dreaded by the Hindus was to be put out of caste which would be the result if they touched any dead body outside of their own caste people. So Mr. Ward had the triple task of being carpenter, undertaker and preacher at this funeral.

There was a simple Christian burial service at the grave. One of their servants was so impressed, she said, "I want you to bury me too like that when I die."

The missionaries stepped into every open door where they could be of service to humanity. Mrs. Ward visited the girls' school here which she described as follows,

"I visited the girls' school today and I will tell you what I saw. (This was a letter written to children in America.)

"The school was in two low dirty rooms which had brick and mud walls, and a dirt floor kicked up by many busy feet. The walls were once white-washed, but there were not many signs of it left. Plenty of cobwebs were visible. In the rooms hung highly colored pictures of Hindu gods, and as these gods are represented in their books as being wicked, these pictures do not have a good influence on their young minds. A good map of the world hung on the wall. The girls sat one behind the other astride the benches around the room. They studied aloud and made so much noise the teacher had to yell to make them hear. They sang the poetry as they

read and moved their bodies up and down at the same time."

All these contacts brought many visitors and inquirers to their home. Scarcely a day went by without many visitors. Conversation would be on many subjects but Mr. Ward never failed to bring in the gospel message every time, and always had prayer with all who came.

One evening after they arose from prayer with some seeking souls, one brave Hindu lad rose from his knees and said solemnly, "I give my body and soul to Jesus Christ."

He wanted to be baptized and let his people know he was an out and out Christian but his Hindu friends dissuaded him from taking this open stand for Christ. This incident encouraged the young missionaries, however, and let them know there were many such honest inquirers after Christ in this large city.

## CHAPTER X

### NEW JOYS STEP INTO THEIR LIVES

After all their difficulties in living in Indian houses, Mr. and Mrs. Ward began to pray for a permanent location here. They looked at several places and finally found a plot of ground (seven acres) outside the city gate on the road to the railway station, which was for sale for 500 Rupees. There were some mango trees on the property but they had to be bought separately, which the missionaries were glad to do as the trees gave welcome shade as well as fruit.

Proper negotiations were made and the deed registered in the court house in the names of "Padre (Rev.) E. F. Ward and Mrs. Phebe E. Ward." Next began the great task of building. The plan of the house was easily drawn as Mr. Ward had had experience in making maps. They planned a square bungalow with four large rooms with high walls for coolness, smaller rooms for a bath room, a pantry, and also a veranda.

Wood was bought from a jungle some distance away, baskets for hauling were brought, bricks were made, lime bought, masons and carpenters engaged, and all this while the new missionaries were "kachha" (unripe or raw) in the Indian language for such experiences. The building work brought many trials. Again and again their patience was sorely tried over unfaithful workmen, poor material, dishonest merchants, slow work, misunderstanding the language and customs of the people, and also warm weather, poor food to eat, persecution from the people, and financial difficulties!

One Saturday evening (payday for the workmen) Mr. Ward came in and said, "I have made a list of all our debts, and we owe ninety Rupees."

This was nearly \$30 which seemed like a large amount of money to them and brought tears to their eyes. They resolved never to run into debt again. They dismissed their workmen. They had a gracious season of family prayer when their faith was greatly strengthened in reading Matthew 6 again.

Next foreign mail brought a check from Mrs. Ward's brother which helped them in continuing the building work. Christmas arrived before this check was cashed (in Bombay) and they had only two cents in the house to spend for Christmas, but Indian friends sent gifts of cake, fruit and flowers which cheered their hearts.

Five months after they started building their bungalow, they were able to move into it. O, what joy! What a comfort to move from their dirt house in the Bazaar, windowless and comfortless, to their new home. It was not entirely finished when they moved in, but gradually the improvements were made inside. One evening Mrs. Ward wrote in her diary,

"Am quite happy tonight as the shelves in our wall cupboards are all made and I have put all our books away, but the first thing we will know, the white ants will come along and upset our nice arrangements. They have done much damage to our books already and eaten up several shoes, but I am learning to take joyfully the spoiling of my goods for Jesus' sake."

Before they moved into their new home which was such a joy to them, they had a few joys mingled with their sorrows while living still in the two story house in the bazaar. Albert Norton who had first interested them in

India had returned from furlough in America and brought them a box from their own relatives and friends in Illinois. O what joy! It contained dried fruit, dry goods, canned goods, what a feast of delicious things!

But the most welcome of all to young Mrs. Ward was a dainty box full of baby clothes! "How my eyes feasted on them," she wrote in her thank-you letter to those in the home land who had sent them.

A few months later the wearer of this apparel arrived in their humble home, before the English nurse arrived on the scene! Indian women aided as able and all survived despite the crude service and surroundings! Of course the Indian mid-wives were bitterly disappointed because it was "only a girl," but the parents received only congratulations from America. The redeeming feature of the babe was that she was white, and she learned to mimic the sounds of the animals around them as well as to speak the language of the people, and she became a great favorite among them. She gave great joy and cheer to her parents in their lonely life, especially when the weekly foreign mail failed to bring them a single letter from loved ones far away across the waters. "Have they forgotten us?" they wondered sometimes.

Mr. Ward was often called away to other missions to help in holding temperance meetings, or communion service or revival efforts or other gospel work. The wife notes, "It makes me feel lonely when he is gone so much but the baby is proving a comfort indeed." Though alone at times Mrs. Ward continued her missionary work both at home and among the neighbors. There were some honest inquirers who seemed to be very near the Kingdom, and came often to their bungalow to learn more about the Christian religion.



One of these gave this testimony, "It touched my heart when I saw you Christian people persecuted in the bazaar, and when I saw you take the communion service. When I heard the songs about the sufferings of Jesus, I cried very much, but now I am happy. Jesus has made me glad." His face shown with joy as he spoke and sang.

A few days later this man was baptized in the river there, their first convert from Hinduism. His name was Trimbuck, and what a joyous occasion that was! It was only a little group of Christians who were gathered on the river bank that day as Mr. Ward led him down into the river and baptized him in the Name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. They sang the Doxology joyfully and closed the day with the communion service in the evening.

Trimbuck became a great helper to Mr. Ward and travelled with him many miles as they went from village to village preaching and selling or giving Gospel portions to those who could read. They were able to buy a cart and a pair of bullocks which were convenient in reaching more villages. This cart had a cover made of matting and they put up two mottoes, one on each side, "Prepare to meet thy God," and "Behold now is the day of salvation."

Mr. and Mrs. Ward had the privilege of going to Pachmarhi one hot season for a change. There were many English soldiers camped there among whom they held meetings and did much personal work. They lived in a tent and greatly enjoyed the beautiful scenery in this healthful resort 4500 feet above sea level. They continued doing missionary work even while on vacation.

They enjoyed rambling through the beautiful woods and visiting ancient ruins of forts and temples. Among

the latter they found one which particularly interested them, the Panchbatti caves—five rooms cut in solid rock with large pillars in front. The worshippers who came here with any request would dip their hands in red paint and slap them on the temple walls with their fingers pointing upward. If their prayers were answered they would return again and slap their red hands on the same spot but with their fingers pointing downwards. Most of the hand prints on the walls were of hands with fingers pointing upward.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward labored among all classes, English people, Hindus and also among the Mohammedans. In their first printed report after being there four years, they mention their first Moslem convert named Juman. When Mr. Ward baptized him he wanted his name changed, so took the name of Job Ward. His wife also became a Christian later and his children too followed in the faith. They all remained Christians to the close of their life, and their posterity are continuing as members of the Methodist church today, a whole tribe of Wards. One of them was elected delegate to the General Conference in America.

Receiving no regular support from America they were often reduced to very straightened circumstances and were even compelled to sell four new towels and later their cart and bullocks at a sacrifice, but they were determined to keep out of debt and trust the Lord for all their needs. When week after week they were disappointed to receive nothing from America, Psalm 37 was a great comfort to them. After this long trial when they had only seven cents left in the house, imagine their joy to receive \$500 from Brother T. B. Arnold!

"I would not have had the money come before," Mrs.

Ward wrote, "It seems so like the Lord to bring it just now when we had to have it to keep God's credit good." The Lord rewarded them by a trip to Secunderabad to attend a Holiness Convention where they met C. B. Ward, S. P. Jacobs, Brother Curtis, and Sister Hillis (N. P. Hillis' sister) and they had a blessed time of fellowship with these saints of other denominations.

Yet, how longingly they looked forward to the time when the church of their choice would send them some helpers in this great needy field. They had much correspondence with different ones who seemed to be drawn specially to India, but time and again their hopes were dashed to the ground. "Come over and help us" they often wrote to their friends, but it was five long years before the happy day when they actually had the great joy of welcoming their first missionary reinforcements!

It was February 5, 1886, a red letter day in that Burhanpur home when arrived Louisa Ranf and Julia Zimmerman. The walls of their new bungalow were decorated with evergreen mottoes, "Welcome to India," "Holiness unto the Lord," and their larder brought forth the best available for the welcome feast to these new comers.

Thus, many new joys entered the lives of this lonely couple these days, a new home, a new baby, two new converts in the Christian fold and now two new recruits to help them in their work.

They appreciated their help as they went with them to the bazaar and into the homes of the people and also in the Sunday school, although the new comers could not understand the language yet. There were 77 boys' names on their Sunday school roll. They gave out cards which were greatly appreciated by the children, but one Monday

morning three lads came and said, "We did not come for cards today but to hear about Jesus Christ."

One of them said, "I want a book of his life for my mother wants to hear it. She cried when she heard you read about Him." Mrs. Ward gave him a Gospel of Mark.

She called at their homes and wrote of one day's visitations,

"Had interested audiences at three Mohammedan homes today, sang and prayed at each one. One woman had tears in her eyes as we sang. In the afternoon we went to the "chauk" (market square) to preach. I interpreted for Louisa Ranf and we both got blest. At family prayers we were much blest too. I had a shouting and laughing blessing."

## CHAPTER XI

### RETRACING STEPS TO ELLICHPUR

Word came from Ellichpur. "We are going back to our Mission," wrote the Sibleys with whom they had lived when they first arrived in India. "Our Mission headquarters is in Ahmednagar, and we are leaving this field, so you had better come back to Ellichpur. There is no other missionary here."

"The Methodist Mission is established in Khandwa only fifty miles from here," Mr. Ward suggested, "Perhaps they would like to include Burhanpur in their field too now." Correspondence followed. "Yes, we will buy your bungalow in Burhanpur," was the reply, and March 1, 1887 the sale was made and all their possessions packed to return to their Ellichpur station. It was hard for them to leave Burhanpur which had become dear to them but they felt it was God's will for them to return to Ellichpur.

Here they bought a large grass roofed bungalow near the river, and the bazaar was not too far away. It seemed very large in comparison to their bungalow in Burhanpur, but it soon filled up with the new missionaries from America and some orphan children who were given them, besides visitors who came from time to time. Ellichpur being a cantonment, there were several English families living here, and the spacious veranda at this bungalow was soon housing a fine Sunday school of English children every Sunday morning. The Hindustani Sunday school was held in the afternoon.

There were two additions to the Ward family while in

Ellichpur, a sweet little Anglo Indian girl had been given them whom they adopted and gave the name of "Theodosia" Ward, meaning "gift of God." They did not want their first-born little girl to become selfish by having no sister or brother to share with, so they felt that Theodosia was truly a "gift of God" and brought much sunshine and joy into the life of the older sister. Three years later came the next sister born in Ellichpur, and the glad mother, Mrs. Ward, had only consolations instead of congratulations heaped upon her because she had "only girls" in her family.

Julia Zimmerman had left them soon after arriving in Burhanpur, but Louisa Ranf became a loved member of their missionary family. Miss Ranf and Mrs. Ward became much attached to each other and enjoyed going into the homes of the people and visiting together. She describes one day's work as follows:

"This morning Louisa and I went out calling. We had to take off our shoes before going upstairs—a new experience for us, and rather amusing when we saw the dirty place we were ushered into. We had a good time telling the old, old story and praying. We also called on M's mother and prayed there, then at Juman's house we found several men busy weaving. We talked, sang and prayed with them. On going out, we were met at the door by a man who wanted us to go into the next house. We went and had a good time and an interested audience—one old woman in tears and two said "Amen" heartily after I prayed.

"As we left there they wanted us to go to the house of a nephew who had lost his girl of four by fever and wanted us to console the bereaved mother. A few words in that house, singing "Around the throne of God in heaven,"

a word of prayer and we were off for home with joy welling up in our souls that we had the privilege of entering so many new doors open to us, and that as we left, they said, "Come often. This house is yours."

Another day the Ward and Ranf trio had a walk of seven miles and preached in the village of Borda where they had an interested audience. After the meeting an old man showed them two little Gospels. "See, we bought these from you long ago," he said, "and we have read them too." The well-worn and thumbled pages corroborated his statement. The missionaries prayed earnestly that the message of the pages read might sink down into their hearts and be the savor of life unto life to those darkened hearts.

When the Wards' eighth wedding anniversary rolled around they planned to have an extra good dinner as a celebration and gave Louisa Ranf who was a "boss cook" the money for it, but later, thinking of the great needs of their neighbors around them, they gave up this luxury. They lived a simple life even to wearing the Indian dress as they felt it brought them nearer to the people for whom they were laboring.

There was a tribe of people who lived in this district called Kurkus who interested Mr. Ward greatly, and he picked up quite a vocabulary of their language. Later on he was enabled to reduce it to writing and to publish the first tract in that language. He used to attend the big annual fair called the Bairam Jatra where thousands of these Kurkus would congregate, and he had the joy of baptizing Loka, the first convert of this tribe. Mr. Ward hoped that Loka might live many years as a Christian worker to help him evangelize among the Kurkus, but God called Loka to higher service. He went suddenly

with cholera, and again Mr. Ward had to be undertaker and minister.

The death angel visited them once more while they were in Ellichpur. This time it was their precious Louisa Ranf who had endeared herself to them, and as she had gone twice to Akola to help the missionaries of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in a time of need, they too loved and appreciated her greatly.



Grave of Louisa Ranf at Ellichpur,  
Berar, India

It was only two days after her return from Akola when she went to the evening service at the little English church of England. The three went early to church and as Louisa went into the pew first she kneeled down at the end next to the wall. As she arose from her silent prayer she hit the bracket of the kerosene lamp that was evidently loose, for

it fell on her and at once her thin clothes were all aflame. She ran outside which made it worse. The "terrible flames" burned off her clothes and she fell near the right side of the door and was carried home in a cart.

Two English doctors came immediately and dressed her wounds, wrapping her in oil and cotton batting. She battled bravely with the pain, refusing to take the liquor the doctor offered her. She suffered too much to sleep despite some opiate given her, until a few minutes before twelve midnight she dropped asleep in Jesus. Mrs. Ward



wrote, "What a night of suffering for our darling, but 'joy cometh in the morning.' The next morning many people came to see the face of this dear missionary who had won their hearts by her unselfish life." About noon her precious burned body in a simple coffin was laid to rest in a beautiful spot by the side of the little baby Prithi whom she had loved so devotedly.

## CHAPTER XII

### FIRST FURLOUGH—PILGRIM STEPS

Up to this time the Wards had not taken any denominational name but called themselves the "Pilgrim Faith Mission." Indeed, it had seemed that they were "strangers and pilgrims on the earth." They had printed a small song book in English with this title which they used when they held meetings among English speaking people. Miss Ranf appreciated this song book which had emphasized fundamental doctrines of their church, salvation and sanctification, but she felt that their church at home was weak in its missionary outlook and "preaching the Gospel of the kingdom in all the world for a witness," thus hastening Christ's coming to earth again.

Hence, Miss Ranf looked forward to the time when she would be able to return to their "beloved Zion" in America and stir up missionary interest and zeal, but her tragic death occurred before she had been in India five years. Her death, however, had a more eloquent appeal than if she had returned in person. Her dearest friends, with whom she had become acquainted in Chili Seminary, Emma Freeland (Shay), Adelaide Newton (Beers), Carrie T. Burritt, and others were shocked at the news. But the very flames that took their dear friend to heaven in a "chariot of fire" ignited their souls with missionary fire and zeal.

Among "others" was Miss Celia Ferries of Evanston, Illinois. She had heard much about the Wards in India, for her own brother had been the "best man" at their wedding, and now, ten years later, she heard the call to

India. She had graduated from Evansville Seminary and was working at their church headquarters in Chicago when the news came of Miss Ranf's tragic death. In the midst of their sorrow and tears, T. B. Arnold said to her, "Why don't you go to India and take her place?" "I



Miss Celia J. Ferries

will," she replied "if it's God's will for me." She realized it was, and soon the preparations were made for her to go to India. The recently organized "Board" emptied their treasury when they paid her fare and gave her \$36 to help on travelling expenses. Rev. B. T. Roberts met her in Chili and laid his hands on her head and specially prayed for her as she started out on her great life work in that needy land.

When the news reached the Wards of Miss Ferries' coming, it greatly cheered their hearts, and soothed their sorrows after the loss of dear Miss Ranf. It would seem almost like seeing some of their relatives as they knew her family, all from northern Illinois too. Their joy is seen in Mrs. Ward's description of the "gala day" when they welcomed her "with roses and poseys and kisses." There were mottoes and welcome greetings hung over the doors and walls of their homes. It was the last of April, the hot season, when she arrived, so they spent

the next six weeks in Chikalda, the nearest cool place to Ellichpur.

While in Chikalda they held meetings among the English soldiers who came there from Nagpur where they were in barracks. Many of these soldiers were converted, which proved to be the last chance some of them had to seek salvation because on their way back to Nagpur there was a serious train wreck and many of these soldier "lads" were killed.

One night during these meetings Mr. Ward was preaching from Matthew 1:21 when their eight year old little girl began to cry. "I want to be saved too," she said. Gladly did her mother pray with her until soon she knew Jesus had come into her heart and forgiven her for all her naughty deeds. She heard grown folks testifying and she wanted to testify too. But her knowledge of the English language was very limited. In fact, it was only that year she had begun to learn a little English from the Christian and Missionary Alliance missionaries' children who were in Chikalda. Hence her first testimony which was in English was not grammatical but understandable, "Jesus my sin for me fix. I heaven go to."

She was very thankful for even this meager amount of English which was only a beginning and she tried to improve daily as her mother had started her education by giving daily lessons in "reading, writing and arithmetic."

"You will have to know English if you go to America," her mother told her and it was indeed a great incentive to study for she had a great longing to see America, that wonderful land where her grandparents and uncles and aunts and cousins lived and where they had snow and so many wonderful things.

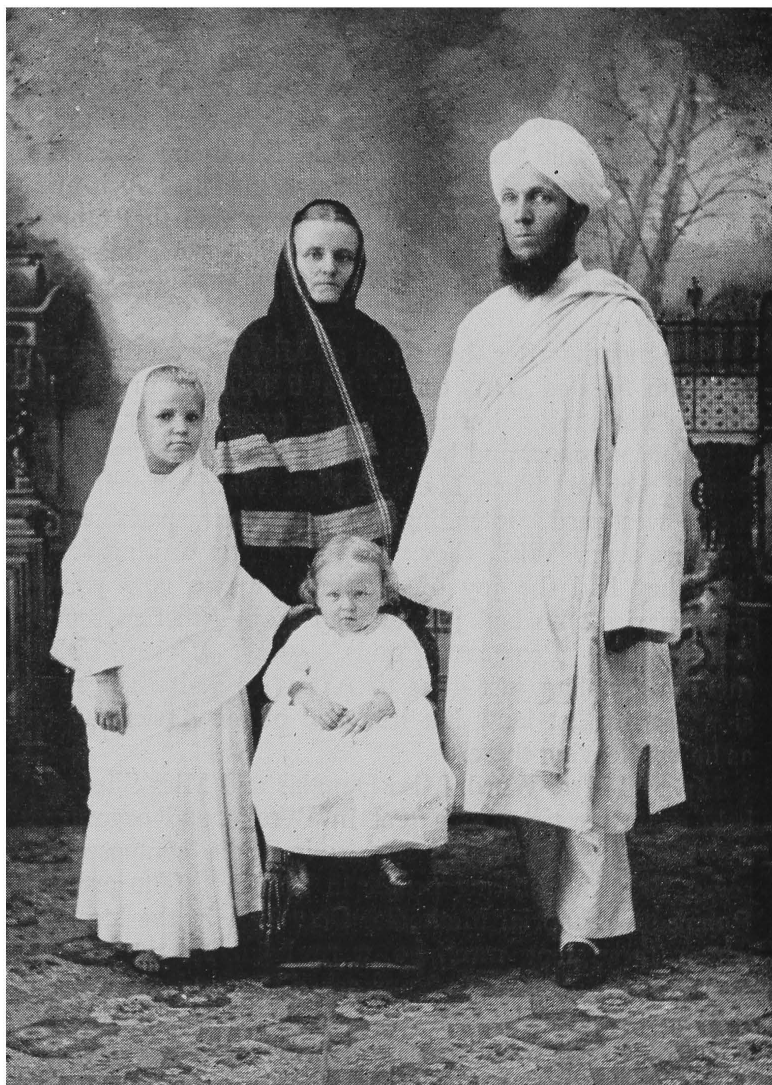
Many, many times that year the Wards heard the oft

repeated question, "We when America to will go?" There were many things to do in preparation for their return to America. First, money was needed for their fare, so they sold their bungalow in Ellichpur. Missionaries had come from England who wanted to buy it and establish their work there, so they were glad that others could enter into their labors and the gospel message would still be proclaimed there, though they must leave now.

Four months after the arrival of Miss Ferries the three of them visited Dr. Cullis' Faith Mission in Basim, Berar. Here Miss Ferries found a good teacher in the Marathi language, and began her study in that most difficult language. Then Mr. and Mrs. Ward turned their faces westward, intending to get their passage to America soon. While they were in Bombay waiting for a boat they had the joy of meeting the two new young missionaries who had just arrived from America representing the "Pentecost Bands." Rev. Vivian Dake, their leader, had just gone to Africa to visit their missionaries in that land, but had died of the African fever as he was leaving there.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward, Miss Douglas and Miss Sherman held some meetings in a tent in Byculla and organized the first Free Methodist society in India composed of seven English speaking people in Bombay. The present Robinson Memorial Methodist Church is in the location where these tent meetings were held, so the gospel message is continuing to be preached in Byculla, Bombay.

Mrs. Ward took a hurried trip to Poona too before they sailed. She went to a fine Children's Home orphanage there where she left her adopted girl, Theodosia. The separation was keenly felt by both of the sisters but



Rev. and Mrs. E. F. Ward, Ethel and Bessie, on first furlough

funds did not permit their taking her to America, and later the way opened for her to finish high school and take a medical course in North India. Later Dr. Scudder found her and chose her to help in their big Mission Hospital in Vellore, South India, where she worked many years with this famous Dr. Scudder. On this trip to Poona, Mrs. Ward visited Pandita Ramabai's Widows' Home and also saw Mrs. Sorabji and daughter. She was much impressed with these fine women, the noblest of India's daughters, splendid types of womanhood.

Finally, all arrangements for sailing were made and they bade farewell to their dear adopted land of India. They came by way of England with their two little girls who asked at every port, "Is this America?"

What feelings of joy and patriotism swelled in the hearts of the parents as they saw the first glimpses of their home land again. The "stars and stripes," the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor, the buildings on the banks of the Hudson were all seen with misty eyes. "Nearly twelve years since we saw you last," they said. They saw many changes after these twelve years. Now electricity lighted the cities, electric cars too were new to them, as well as telephones, and plumbing in the homes, etc.

They visited friends in New York but Illinois was their goal. The train sped (?) along? no! poked along until it finally reached Cary station!

"Yes," Mrs. Ward said excitedly, "they are all there," as she looked out the window and saw her three brothers all standing on the platform. "It just seems too good to be true," said Frank, "to actually see you again!"

Those were happy days with their loved ones again. But they could not remain long. There were many calls

throughout the church to "come and speak on India. Tell us all about your work."

So they travelled from Pennsylvania in the East to California in the West dressing in Indian costume and singing their "Indian songs" and talking about their beloved India. "We want to treat them to our best," many said, so when they attended one camp meeting their family was given a room in a nearby parsonage instead of in a tent on the grounds. It happened to be the home of newly weds who had a pretty bedroom set (basin and pitcher) in their spare bed room. One morning when Mrs. Ward was throwing out the water, the basin slipped out of her hand and broke all to pieces. It being a wedding gift, Mrs. Ward tried to match it, but found none, so bought a whole new set to replace it.

That Summer found them in California where their last baby girl arrived, whom they named Mary Louise in memory of their dear Louisa Ranf. Now they had a "triad" of girls as their father called them. "God gave them to me," said the mother, "and I am not going to let the devil have one of them."



## CHAPTER XIII

### “AND HIS FOOTSTEPS FOLLOW STILL”

Those were happy months as they visited their loved ones in America, but their furlough was not over before they were anxious to return to India. The following verse found in Mrs. Ward's diary expressed their feelings,

“Let me go back! I am homesick  
For the land of my love and toil;  
Though I thrill at the sight of my native hills,  
The touch of my native soil,  
Thank God for the dear home country,  
Unconquered and free and grand;  
But the far-off shores of the East for me  
Are the shores of the Promised Land.”—*Hindustan*

But the great problem of their children's education was ever before them. All the schools now open for missionaries' children were not running then in India. They continued looking to the Lord for guidance in settling this great problem. After much prayer, more consecration and utmost sacrifice, they decided to leave the two eldest in America (“so they will be a comfort to each other”) and take the youngest back to India with them.

“Only God knows how hard it is for me to leave my darlings,” said the brave little mother, as she kissed the three year old and ten year old in the St. Louis railway station. She cut a lock of curly hair from each of their heads, “the most tangible thing I have of them,” she said, “and you will not blame me when I tell you those locks have often been wet with my tears.” “God preserve and protect my darlings,” she prayed.

These darlings were taken to a children's home called "Reapers Home" which had been opened by the Rev. Dake mentioned in a former chapter. Miss Mary Leach was called to be a school teacher there and she took these two little girls from St. Louis to Virginia where this home was established, where were about twenty children.

The fond mother's thoughts followed them from Missouri to Virginia, and it seemed a long time before the letter reached her telling of their safe arrival.

"It was late in the afternoon when our train reached Denaro," wrote Miss Leach, "but Mother Dake and Brother Sills were there to meet us. We climbed up into the lumber wagon they had brought, and started off behind the big horses. It was a pretty ride going through these beautiful Virginia woods, and Mother Dake who has a beautiful voice began singing,

'I must have the Savior with me in the onward march of life,  
Through the tempest and the sunshine, through the battle and  
the strife.

Then my soul shall fear no ill, let Him lead me where He will.  
I will go without a murmur, and His footsteps follow still.'"

"Without a murmur," repeated Mrs. Ward as she read this letter tearfully, then began packing for her voyage back to India. There were three new missionaries sailing with them, Mr. Huber, Misses Appling and Laughlin, and six months baby Louise who was the "best passenger on boat."

In determining where they should settle in India this time Mr. Ward, remembering Romans 15:20, determined to open work where there was the greatest need. Since Ellichpur had missionaries and Miss Ferries was doing



Miss Laughlin, Miss Appling, Mr. Huber, R.v. and Mrs. Ward  
and baby Louise

well in Yeotmal where the Marathi language was spoken, they decided to turn to a Hindi language area which was the language they had learned first. Looking at all the maps of the Central Provinces (Hindi area) they discovered that the Nandgaon state was without a single missionary or even a Christian worker.

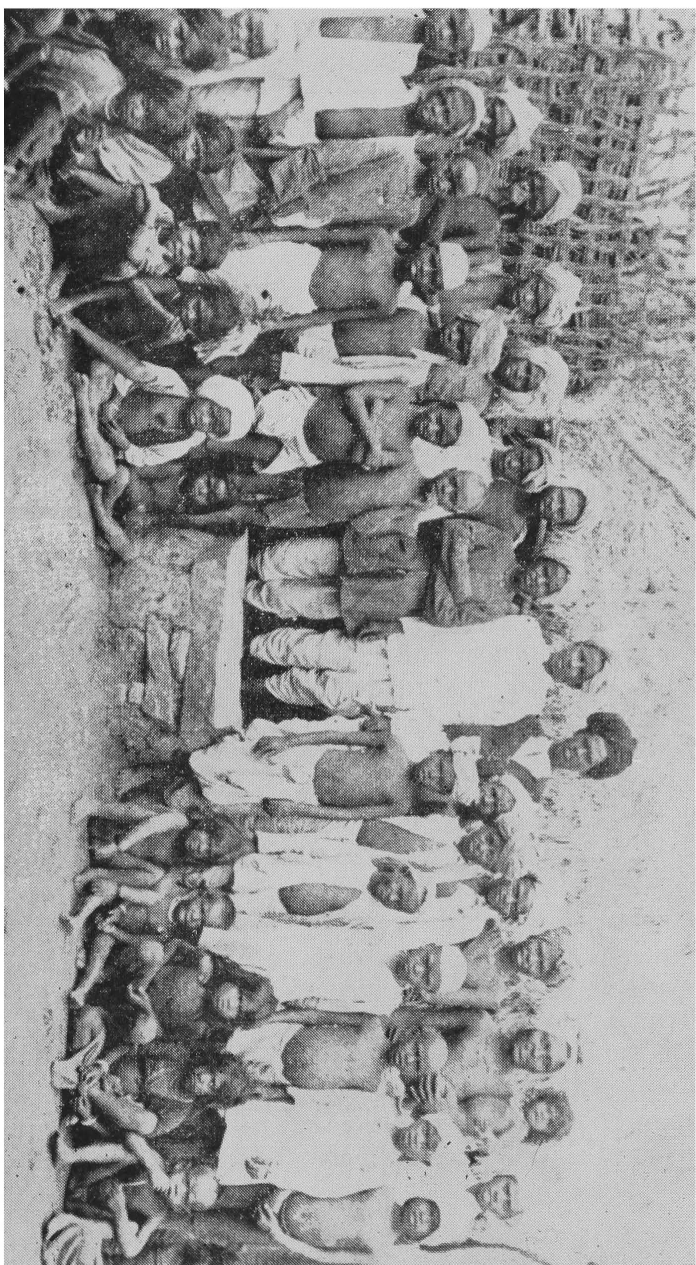
They went there and first rented the dak bungalow (rest house) and began preaching the gospel, sowing the seed in this virgin soil. They became acquainted with the Indian king who ruled the state. He was very friendly and gave them a nice piece of property near the railway station. They built first a little mud hut on this land and had many experiences of sickness and thefts and thin pocket-books, but the Lord never failed them, but kept His promise of Deuteronomy 31:8 and strengthened them for the coming days of famine that were soon to dawn on the horizon. The usual annual rain fall was less and prices of grain began to increase.

In the meantime they learned of the good work Miss Ferries had been doing while they were on furlough in America.

"God has definitely called me to the Yeotmal District in Berar," she wrote. The account of the beginnings there are so interesting they must be recorded here to continue the story chronologically.

"We don't want missionaries in Yeotmal; they would be a disturbing element. The natives have their own religion, let them alone."

"This is what the Deputy Commissioner (English official) said to me," Miss Ferries wrote when she went there and looked for a house to rent. "My heart sank but was I to be deterred from carrying out what I believed to be God's will by any opposition of man? I



First Free Methodist pulpit in Yeotmal, India

told him we were coming to Yeotmal with the intention of working in harmony with the Government, to help the native people in any way we could, and hoped he would assist us in finding a house in which to live.

"He finally consented to let us remain in Yeotmal, and rented us a house which had no foundation, a dirt floor level with the ground, mud walls and a grass roof which leaked like a sieve, but worst of all it had been infested with cobras! The mother of the last family who had lived there had died from a cobra bite. Miss Anna Jones arrived from America to be my co-worker and we took up our abode among the cobras in September 1892.

"Many stories could be told of the excitement we had getting rid of those poisonous and deadly reptiles. One evening while reading in a low deck chair, my cook whispered to me in terror, 'Memsahib, a cobra is coiled under your chair, don't move.' I called Miss Jones to bring the sticks and for both of them to shut the doors. I sprang suddenly from my chair, grabbed the stick and was ready for the encounter. The old cobra slithered out, raised his head, spread his hood, glared with venomous eyes and hissed defiance. By a lucky strike I broke its back and the fight was soon ended.

"In the rainy season when the water poured through roof and under the doors from the outside, we kept out of the water by holding an umbrella over us and climbing on the dining table until the storm was over several hours later.

"We occupied this bungalow for several months. When the Deputy Commissioners saw what we were willing to endure for the work we loved, their attitude of opposition changed and they began to compliment us on our bravery and assist us in any way they could. They told us of a

certain property which was to be sold to satisfy a mortgage and we were able to secure it for a very nominal sum. This was a much pleasanter place to live because of its location, better drainage, a fine well and a higher foundation, though the bungalow itself was little better than the cobra place. This one when we began to clean it up, proved to be a very pleasant hotel for twenty-nine scorpions, two centipedes, only one snake, ants in great variety and cockroaches by the quart!"

Miss Ferries realizing the value of this good soil here started a garden and set out thirty orange trees which were a great asset to their health in this malarious climate. There was much fever and sickness among all the missionaries including Mr. and Mrs. Ward and when such news reached America, the Board urged Miss Ferries to abandon Yeotmal and seek more healthy and suitable location elsewhere. But she answered by securing this new location with fine garden soil, an excellent well and better living quarters, so that in all probability all would be healthier. Then too the official opposition had been overcome, Indian opposition lessened, and to leave Yeotmal then would be to lose the advantages that had been gained through answered prayer and hard work.

Rev. M. B. Fuller of the Christian and Missionary Alliance and Rev. W. A. Moore of the Basim Mission gave their advice that there was no unoccupied field in the Marathi language area that equalled the Yeotmal territory. Miss Ferries had the Marathi language and other qualifications for success, so she continued in spite of all difficulties. She writes again concerning her work there, "The Lord has given me much success in giving out medicine. I have an average of fifteen or twenty people twice a day. This takes about three hours of my

day. Wish I were a real doctor . . . one can do so much here for these needy sick people." (She had had some training in nursing in America.)

Miss Emma Appling and Miss Mattie Miller were added to the two lone ladies who started the work here in Yeotmal, but the credit for establishing the work goes to Miss Ferries. The following from her pen gives a glimpse of the first visits to three places which are now flourishing mission stations with established churches.

"We spent a few days in Darwha and from there to Digras. The people had warned us about the road but we thought they only wanted to frighten us, so we set out in our ox cart. The first eight miles was one continuous mud hole. Anna and I waded ankle deep in mud more than half the way. Then one of our bullocks gave out in a most dismal part of the country, right in the jungle. What were we to do? We secured a man's bullock which brought us part of the way over the "ghat" (small hill), but he was balky and kneeled down right on the top of the hill and we could not make him budge. We put our own bullock in the yoke and came to Tiwari where was a "chouri" (rest house) where we put up curtains and made ourselves comfortable (?) for the night. It had taken us eight hours to go eleven miles.

"Such roads! I have heard of them but *saw* them for the first time. We would have rested fairly well at the chouri had it not been for a large family of bats with their young making the night hideous with their screeching and our pillows nasty by their roosting over our heads. But the Lord refreshed us and by eight o'clock the next morning we were ready to move forward. We gave the gospel to a group of village people who gathered around to see us off. We sent our own oxen back and



got another pair for the rest of the journey. At Chincoli, a village near a large river we had another opportunity to preach. The rest of the way to Digras, five miles, we accomplished in four hours. We found a chouri here, and put up some of our bedding to make a corner private and enjoyed the comforts the Lord gave us.

"Our first preaching service in Digras was among thirty women and more than twice as many men. After the service the patel (mayor) asked me to go and see his wife who was very ill, but we could not talk much with her as she was a Mohammedan and spoke only the Hindustani language and not Marathi. We saw for the first time the life of a purda woman.

"A most blessed Sabbath day! We went into the town and held three services. We were among the weaver caste, about twenty women gathered around. We were able to keep the rabble outside. My heart melted as I told of our precious Jesus who died to save us. It was a blessed sight to see those dear women one after another break down and weep. We knelt in prayer for them.

"At six A.M. next morning we left Digras and arrived at Darwha at twelve o'clock a distance of sixteen miles, having changed bullocks at nine o'clock. The journey was beautiful as the roads had dried up. We stopped at the dak bungalow, such a lovely quiet place, and we had a good rest in peace. We had a precious time preaching to the Mangs in the afternoon. Next day we went to the Bori bazaar, found a shady place, took the top off our cart and stood up and preached to the people from the cart. We sold many Gospel portions. My heart was warmed with Jesus' love as I looked on the sea of faces and my tongue loosened in giving the message.

"We had a most delightful journey through the dense

jungle to Wun, sixty-seven miles from Yeotmal. The road was beautiful; there were lovely birds and shady trees, and wild peacocks all along would bob up their beautiful heads in the tall grass and screech at us, then hide from view. We looked for a mission site but were disappointed in what was offered. Wun is a beautiful town. It was once the capital of a minor king. We had a service among the Brahmins who are a stiff and proud people.

"Leaving Wun on our return journey we found a dilapidated dak bungalow with no furniture but tables; beds were brought from the nearby village but they were filled with live stock, so I preferred my cart, but with only a quilt on the bamboo poles my ribs and the poles waged war all night till time to rise. But we praised God for good sweet air and a restful, quiet house, though little sleep. We took our dirty clothes to the river, bared our feet and beat our clothes clean on the stones; we managed to make them cleaner than the washerman, and we kept them whole too."

They returned from this tour having travelled about 200 miles and visited scores of villages with the gospel message.

## CHAPTER XIV

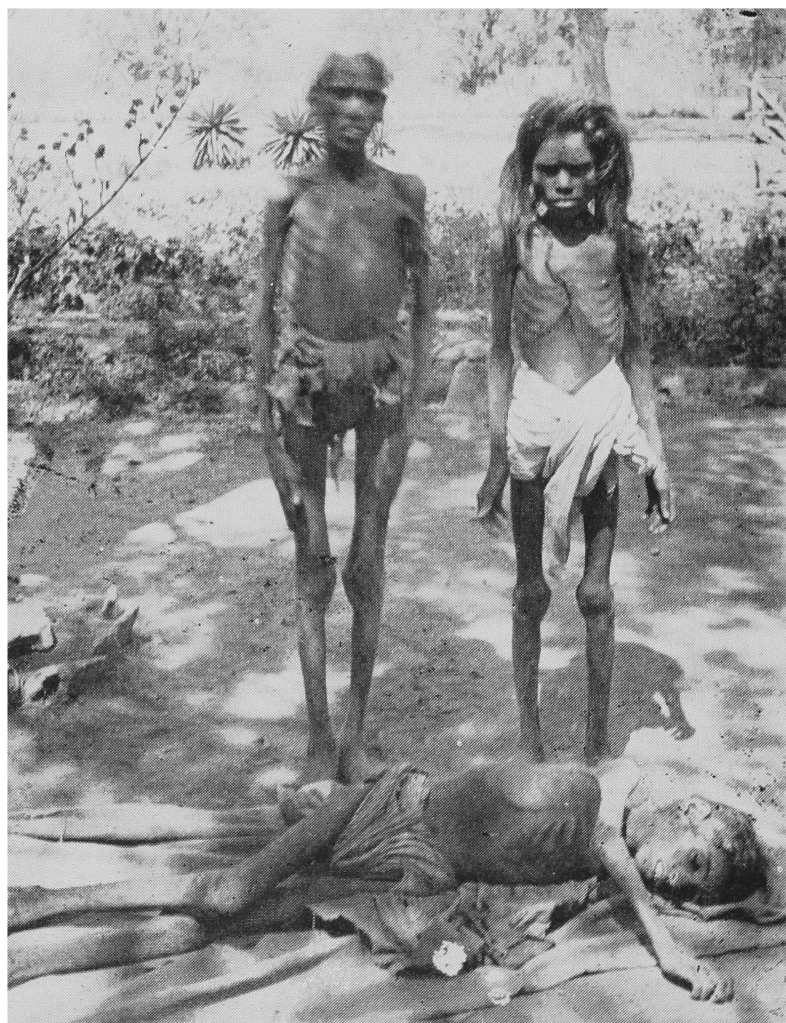
### IN THE STEPS OF THE NEEDY. Isaiah 58:7

Then came the famine! "Da—ee woe, da—ee woe," were the wails that pierced the ears of the Wards those days in 1897. They were living in Raj Nandgaon where the colloquial language was Chattisgarhi (a dialect of Hindi) and these words meant "O Mother, O Mother." It pierced the mother heart of Mrs. Ward who describes her experiences after visiting one of the relief camps which the government had opened near there:

"It was a pitiable sight to see the emaciated bodies that were lying on the ground and after Mr. Ward gave a coin to one who seemed the neediest, the rest seeing this immediately sat up and crawled toward him begging for relief. Our usual Sunday morning meetings where we distribute grain are greatly increasing in numbers to several hundred. We are not planning to open a school or orphanage but we will have to do something to relieve the starving multitudes about us."

They were not planning on doing anything on a large scale for even their own larder was nearly empty, but an emaciated starving mother had a bright little chap of three whom she left on their doorstep and went away at night. His name was "Contentment," and when Mrs. Ward wrote about him in her letters to America, the money began pouring in from kind hearts for the starving ones around them.

They saw that giving raw grain was not the best for the starving, so they decided to give cooked food once a day to only those who were the neediest, and they gave



Famine Sufferers

out tickets for the same. These "tickets" were only pieces of tin with the letter "W" stamped on them and a hole in them, for a string, so they could be worn around their necks. The day Mrs. Ward went out to distribute these free meal tickets was an unforgettable experience. The starving wretches crowded around her; they stampeded her, and it was with the greatest difficulty she was able to extricate herself from the struggling mass of nearly 200 wretches. Finally when she was able to force her way out, the perspiration was pouring down like rain and she fell down so exhausted that she could not walk without staggering for several days. "One poor man came with his ticket," she wrote "but died before the food was given him. His wife too was so far gone she did not realize it. The sweepers came, tied the dead man's hands and legs together, strung him on a pole and carried him out to bury him."

Parents began bringing their children, police brought all stray waifs who had no parents, until by July 223 children had passed through their hands. They kept account of all whom they fed and cared for. Forty-eight of these died, and Mr. Ward had difficulty in burying them. He had to dig the graves and carry the corpses and bury all the first ones who passed away. Once there was a great furor because a child had been buried in the Moslem cemetery by mistake and he was obliged to open the grave and remove the coffinless corpse before their wrath was subdued and peace restored.

Their family of orphan children increased to 664. It was difficult to care for so many, hence missionaries came from other places and took them away to care for them. Some went north, some south, some to Bombay and Miss Miller took forty to Yeotmal. Those who survived

became the nucleus of the churches that were established in the different places.

It is impossible to describe all the heart-rending scenes that were witnessed by these faithful missionaries. They were so thankful that the "milk of human kindness" flowed in the hearts of those in the west to whom they wrote, so that they could relieve the suffering of many starving ones here. Among those who sent them money was a Christian lawyer in Africa named A. W. Baker, whose Christian influence nearly persuaded M.K. Gandhi to become a Christian. He sent twenty pounds through Rev. Harry Agnew and also wrote a book called "Modern Miracles in South Africa" which was published in St. Louis and the money from its sale sent to the Wards for their famine work.

Rice was the staple diet here and they bought it by the wagon load, since it could be easily digested by the famished multitudes. It was shipped in from other places and often the police had to watch the carts lest the hungry people punch holes in the gunny bags and steal the grain.

During all this time Mr. and Mrs. Ward's little four-year-old Louise was surrounded by these wretched famine waifs, all of whom she took into her own little heart. Her mother did not have time to care for her properly and was compelled to have her head shaved like the rest of the famine children in order to be protected from the vermin of other heads.

Little Louise watched the children as they ate and slept, they had too little life to do any playing at first. She watched them too when they fell ill and then came her first sight of death. Prem was the first child to die, and she was interested in the funeral service at the grave. As she watched her father filling in the grave with thorns to

keep the jackals from digging up the body, she said,

"God must love Prem very much to take him, doesn't He? When Jesus comes to take Prem out of the grave, He will take the thorns out of the grave, won't He?"

The contrast in size of these emaciated children can be seen in the fact that while Louise who was small for her age (four), had an arm that was six inches in circumference, a famine girl of eight had an arm that was three and a half inches in circumference!

"Da—ee woe, da—ee woe," continued the cries of the dying around them which often haunted them even into the silent midnight hours. They realized that truly gaunt famine was stalking through the land and "woe" was upon all the inhabitants. The missionaries had daily family prayers with the children and as soon as they had recovered from starvation they began to play and sing and take interest in other things besides eating!

One day Mrs. Ward was going through the house (another mud hut built like the first one to accommodate the children) and she saw a little boy down on his knees in one corner, with tears streaming down his face saying, "O Jesus, Thou did'st shed Thy blood to save us from our sins. Thou did'st die on the cross for me. Thou did'st die for my brother. Help us both to be good boys." This little prayer touched the heart of Mrs. Ward. How she did love every one of those dear little waifs!

The "bright lining" to these famine clouds was the conversion of many of these children, and also the conversion of Jewarbee. Jewarbee was the widow of a "moulvi" (a caller to prayer at a Moslem mosque in Raj Nandgaon). He had died and she was compelled to work to earn a livelihood for herself and only son. She offered to do the cooking for the children, and Mrs. Ward

hired her gladly as she was able to do the work and do it efficiently. Jewarbee was a staunch Moslem and had vowed in her heart that she would never become a Christian even though she had to work among them.

But little by little the light of the Gospel penetrated into her dark heart and she began to confess to Mrs. Ward some of her past deeds. At first she laughed them off and said, "O, everybody does that," but later the Lord convicted her, so she knew she must make her wrongs right. Chief among these was that when she was sewing for a tailor, she had kept some of the cloth (by cutting economically) and sold the extra shirt made from it and kept the money.

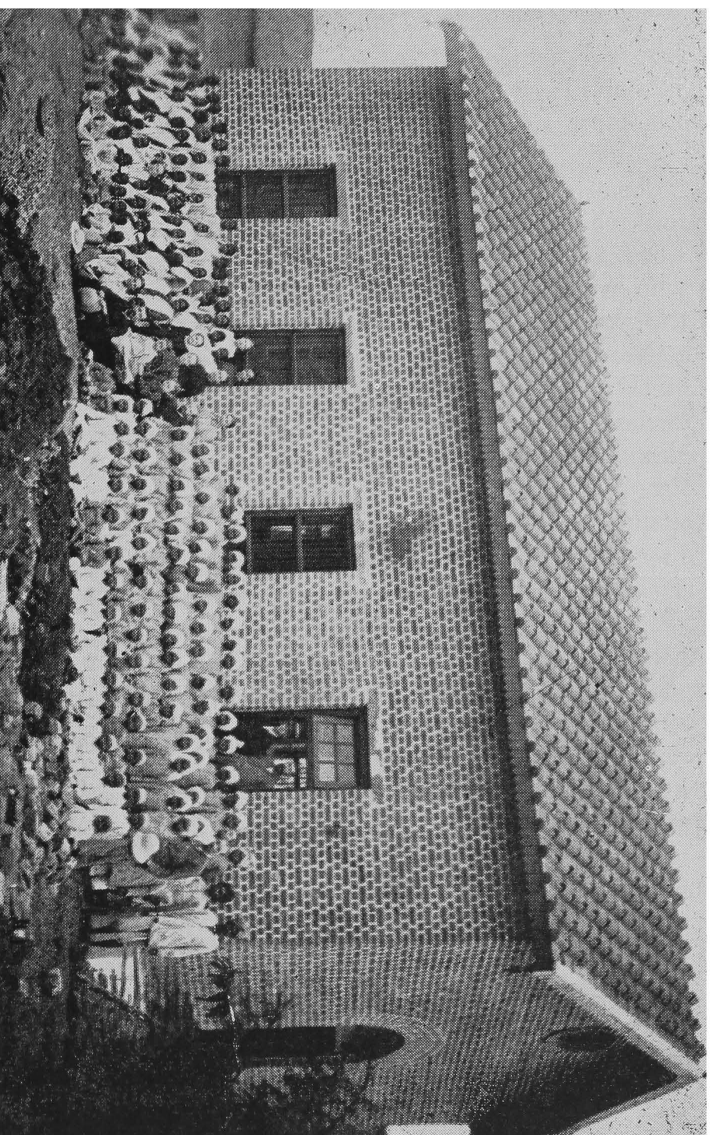
"That tailor is living in Raipur now," she told Mrs. Ward, "but I am saving up enough money to give back to him what I received for the extra shirt that I sold." Jewarbee was only getting \$3 a month for wages, but she saved the price of the shirt as well as the fare to Raipur and returned the money to him.

"I testified," Jewarbee said on the return from Raipur, "and told him that I had become a Christian and believed in Jesus who had saved me from my sins. He was glad to get the money but sorry to hear I had become a Christian."

It was a joyous occasion when Jewarbee was baptized in the tank there by Mr. Ward and she testified to all her neighbors gathered on the bank of the tank. "I want all you people to know that I expect to live and die in this faith." And she did.

Mrs. Ward loved her like a sister. Although she was past forty years of age she learned to read the Hindi language and became a faithful Bible woman. Her Moslem relatives tried to make her only son turn against





Chapel at Raj Nandgaon and Orphans in 1900

her and remain a Moslem, but she prayed earnestly for him and lived to see him converted, finish high school and become a successful pastor in one of the large churches in Central India.

Another trophy of grace whom they had the joy of meeting in Raj Nandgaon and helping to win for the Lord was Narayan Waman Tilak, a Maratha Brahmin who was a clerk in the Raja's employ here. On the train on his way there, some one had given Mr. Tilak a New Testament. It was never known whether the giver was Mr. Ward or some one else, but he was "an earnest seeker" when Mr. Ward became acquainted with him. Mr. Ward gave him a copy of "Pilgrim's Progress" and had much conversation with him, which resulted in his decision to become a Christian. He went direct from there to Bombay where he was baptized and remained true to the Lord to the end, although his wife and other relatives did not follow in his footsteps immediately.

Mr. Tilak was a born poet and became the poet laureate of the Christian church in Western India. He wrote hundreds of beautiful songs and hymns which enriched the hymnology of the church and their rich influence will bless the Marathi worshipers while time shall last. The following is but one of these which has been translated into English,

"O Brother, on my shoulder rest Thy hand and fearless waits my  
soul;  
O Way, erect on Thee I take my stand and radiant gleams my  
goal;  
O Truth, within the warmth of Thine embrace all doubts dissolv-  
ing die;  
O Life, before the sunshine of Thy face, Death perisheth—not I."

Mr. Tilak wrote a beautiful poem in verse on the life of Christ, and later when his wife became a Christian she also enriched Christian Marathi literature by writing a most interesting autobiography of her life. Today their son is a busy Christian lawyer (pleader) in Nasik and he and his family are "adorning" the Christian faith. They have a printing press which is publishing much needed Christian literature in the Marathi language.

Mr. Tilak was an ardent lover of his country and his song on "Dear India" in Marathi has inspired many a heart of other creeds and nationalities. When singing his inspired hymns in church one is constrained to say, "Thank God for every influence that gave the Christian church a Narayan Waman Tilak!"

Back in Berar the famine was not severe in Yeotmal where Miss Ferries had been working and she took her furlough to America and returned in December 1897 bringing with her Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Crockett and daughter Evangeline, also Rev. V. G. McMurry. The next year Rev. McMurry and Miss Ferries were married and when famine conditions did come to Yeotmal, he filled an important place by cooking grain and distributing to the needy. Mr. McMurry also took a trip to Gujerat where later the famine was most severe, and he brought from there 170 children.

When these were brought from Dhamangaon in a long line of nineteen carts filled with waifs in all stages of starvation and most of them sick with various diseases, Mrs. McMurry's heart sank with the thought of the work it would involve, but she prayed and, with her usual ability in organization, she enlisted the help of several women who cut the hair of each head, gave every one a hot water bath, cleaned sores, gave ointment, and

provided clothes from a reserve stock, and within twenty-four hours the whole crowd had been cared for. Feeding them was another great task and some did not survive even with the best care given them. Fever, cholera and small-pox all took their toll of life among these emaciated children.

Some orphan children were given them in Yeotmal too who required great care in handling. These spoke Marathi, those from Gujerat spoke Gujerati, those from Raj Nandgaon spoke Chattisgari, and the missionaries spoke English! But Marathi became the common language which all endeavored to speak fluently. In a short time the children were divided into separate groups, the beginning of the Boys' Orphanage and the Girls' Orphanage. The boys were housed in the first property that had been bought which became known as the Garden Bungalow place, and God who knew the future needs better than the two lone ladies did, directed them to a place which housed the Girls' Orphanage.

This "place" was a twenty-six acre compound owned by Dr. Chamarett, a friendly retired Government physician who wanted to do something to help the Mission and quoted a price amounting to a little over \$1300. There was a large bungalow on it which later became known as the "big bungalow," and nearby was a house which developed into the Girls' Orphanage.

## CHAPTER XV

### STONY STEPS

The famine was over. The plot of ground which the Raja (king) had given the Wards now had three houses built on it. Two long houses facing each other, one for the boys and one for the girls, then a brick house in the center facing the road was the Ward's new home. It was so much better than their first mud hut which was barely large enough for the family of three. But now with their enlarged family of fifty famine children after all the rest had been taken away, (either by death or by the children's relatives or other missionaries) the question was, how to carry on? Who could they invite to help them? The Yeotmal missionaries and the Vanguard missionaries from St. Louis, Mo., had their hands full with their own work.

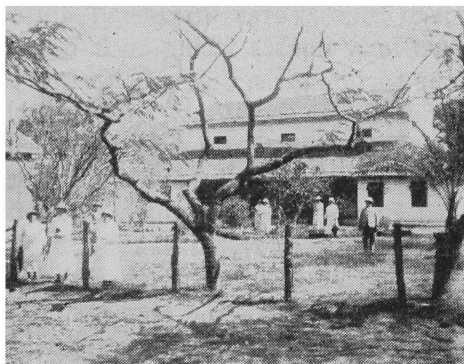
Then they learned that a party of four missionaries from the Pentecost Band work had begun a Mission in Nagpur which was nearer than others. "Let us invite them," said Mr. Ward, and his wife consented. So the letter of invitation was written. "Yes, we can come," was the reply, "and it is surely an answer to our prayer because we have had to pay such a high rent here that we have been contemplating moving elsewhere."

"The small house we are living in," said Mrs. Ward, "will not accommodate four more missionaries."

"There is space to build a bungalow in the center of the compound," said Mr. Ward. They proceeded at once to make the plans. A sitting room, dining room, four bed rooms (one for our girlies when they come to India),

an office and a veranda besides small bath rooms and a pantry, this was their plan for their third bungalow in India.

Mr. Ward bought the materials, hired the workmen and proceeded with the building with much more exper-



Raj Nandgaon Bungalow built by E. F. Ward

ience than with the first one at Burhanpur. Mrs. Ward was busy getting the place ready for the orphans who were coming too with the missionaries from Nagpur. It was always the children who had first place in her heart. She

planned where they should sleep, where they should eat, where they should have school, for education was the next thing on the program.

At last all was in readiness and the missionaries arrived from Nagpur.

Adjustment! That was the great problem now. That has ever been the perpetual problem on every mission field. Hundreds of years before, the prophet Amos knew this and wrote, "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" And here were six to "walk together." Mrs. Elizabeth Tucker and Mr. Wm. McCready were two of the band from Nagpur but Mr. and Mrs. H.—were the "leaders" and they "determined" (Acts 15:37) that it would be best for the Wards to take a furlough to

America now and leave Louise in India to save expense and insure the Wards returning to Raj Nandgaon again. The rest "agreed," so it came to pass the decision was that they should go on furlough.

Of course they were all tired out from their days of toil during the famine and they needed a change. And wasn't it a joyful expectation to see their two dear girls in America again? The only thorn in this rosy outlook was the heartbreak of leaving little Louise behind. She was only five, and so frail and pale and needing American air to put color in her cheeks. One wonders at the bravery of the mother who acquiesced so meekly, and calmly said Goodbye! She parted tearfully too from her dear Jewarbee and all the "precious orphans," and sailed away to America. On the boat every child she saw reminded her of the darling left behind, but she kept her sorrows to herself, not even revealing her heart-aches in her diaries, but these lines expressed her feelings best,

"Though thorns my pathway may beset,  
My cheek with sorrow's tears be wet,  
My daily cross be hard to bear,  
And burdened my poor heart with care;  
Yet will I ever trust in Thee,  
And to Thine arms of mercy flee.  
Thou art my hindering place."

The Wards had a pleasant voyage and enjoyed visiting Mr. and Mrs. Gregory in England whom they had known in Bombay. A few days of needed rest were spent in reading the life of Mrs. General Booth of the Salvation Army. The following from this book proved a great comfort to Mrs. Ward,

"The mystery of Providence is one of Satan's most potent temptations for me, the 'Whys' of life. And yet I

know that each one is only a re-echo of that 'Why' uttered 1800 years ago by the Father's Best Beloved. I know also that if there were no mystery, there would be no need for faith. And yet, when the fire waxes hotter or the darkness thickens, Satan will whisper 'Why?' O for

the faith that quails not before any of the whys of feeling or reason or of the devil, but goes calmly on through the darkest Calvary unmoved."



Bessie at five years, in America while her parents were in India

The sorrows of parting from the youngest, Louise, were tempered with the joy when they saw again their two girls who had been separated from them five years. The three-year-old had entirely forgotten her parents and used to say in her lisping way, "I don't 'member my parents but I'll get acquainted with them again."

She had been with her uncle in Illinois

most of the time and twice had been sent to the East coast to meet some one who was going to take her to her parents, but plans had failed both times. The ten-year-old had been in a missionary home in St. Louis after a year in



Virginia's "Reapers Home." She had not forgotten her parents and had written them regularly whenever the five cent postage was available for her letters.

They both were at the Indianapolis, Indiana railway station waiting-room on that happy day when they met their precious parents again. How much older their dear mother looked! "But I knew you at once," said the fifteen year old.

"O, if Louise were only here," said the Mother, "then our family would all be together again." She bravely hid her sorrows however, and only once when the elder sister found her weeping alone, was her sadness discovered.

The months sped by quickly visiting again her dear brothers, Mr. Ward's relatives (one of whom gave \$100 toward their fare back to India), holding missionary meetings, talking about those dear orphan children for whom now she was enlisting support from friends. Then came another happy day when they were all booked to sail away, "back to our dear India again."

There were eight in their missionary party this time, four new "recruits," as Mr. Ward called them, besides their family of four—Mrs. Vail, who died of small-pox two years after arrival; Mr. Carkuff, a bachelor who spent twenty-five useful years there and then retired in America at seventy-five, though so homesick for India, he longed to return and die *there*; Miss Emma Alcorn, who later became Mrs. W. R. McCready, and Miss Sadie Jeffries who later became Mrs. John Klein.

The party travelled third class part of the way which made them all the more appreciative of solid ground when they reached their port, Colombo, Ceylon. They enjoyed the beauties of this lovely island, then stayed in



Mrs. Maggie Vail, Rev. and Mrs. Ward, Ethel and Bessie, Miss Sadie Jeffries, Mr. Alexander Carbhuff, Miss Emma Alcorn

Madras over Sunday with Salvation Army friends and changed cars for the last time when they boarded the Nagpur Mail at Kalyan. Now, "All Aboard" said the excited sisters, "next stop Raj Nandgaon!"

The train was due there at two o'clock, but these sisters in their great excitement could scarcely sit still. They reached Dongargarh. "Next station Raj Nandgaon," said their Mother. The sisters were at the train windows, their eyes peeled in the direction of Raj Nandgaon.

They saw some smoke at the right. "Yes, that is the cotton mill, we are almost there," said the Mother.

The train swung around and the station was glimpsed. Handkerchiefs waved, and before the train could stop a hundred brown faced boys and girls yelled out, "Salaam Mamma Jee, Salaam Papa Jee."

"O these precious orphans!" said the Mother, "and my precious Baby," she added as she caught a glimpse of Louise rushing toward her.

"Yes, there is dear Jewarbee too," she said as she saw her coming.

The thrills of that home-coming day were never forgotten. Yes, it was returning to what had been their home, but the Wards were not given a room to themselves. The five enjoyed each other's company the best they could. Young Louise simply adored her big sister and the other sister became her loving playmate and life companion.

Mrs. Ward devoted part of her time now for the education of her three girls as their finances did not permit them to send them elsewhere to school. Sometimes her missionary duties separated her from them when she naively expressed her feelings, "I used to desire chil-

dren as I felt God helped me to train them for Him, but I am thankful now He gave me no more to shed tears over.”



Louise at five years in India while her parents  
were in America

## CHAPTER XVI

### HELPFUL STEPS

"I see not a step before me as I tread on another year,  
But I've left the Past in God's keeping—the Future His mercy  
shall clear  
And what looks dark in the distance may brighten as I draw  
near."—*Mary Gardner Brainard.*

The New Year and the New Century dawned on brave hearts as Mr. and Mrs. Ward prayed for guidance for their future work. They were perplexed about many matters, the education of their girls, the conversion of the younger ones and the conversion of the orphan children, also finances as they had no money to spend only as the "leader" gave to them. Sometimes it seemed it was spent most foolishly, then there was a scarcity of rations for that large family of hungry mouths.

"Well," said the Mother, "let us live a day at a time, and God will open the way if He wants us to go elsewhere and show us what He wants us to do."

"Yes," answered Mr. Ward, "we can help all we can wherever we see we are needed." "Or where others think we are needed," added Mrs. Ward.

The "leaders" thought she was needed at Lohara where the Boys' Orphanage had recently been moved, so Mrs. Ward went there and enjoyed mothering the little fellows there, although it took her away from her girls for a time. Then she seemed to be needed in Gondia sixty miles away, where another new mission station was opened. A new bungalow was built there too.

Next, Mr. and Mrs. Ward were sent to Khairagarhh,

twenty-seven miles in another direction where they lived in a rented house in the middle of the "Gol Bazaar" (Round Market). Here Mrs. Ward had a severe illness and how she longed to see her eldest daughter! She fainted away once and wondered if God were going to call her to her heavenly home. She prayed that she might see her daughter once more, and God answered by letting her come in unexpectedly. The Mother wept tears of joy when she saw her. "Oh! I am *so glad* to see you," she said as she clasped her to her breast.

The next New Years day was a joyful day for them as both of their younger girls had been converted and were baptized that day with thirty-two of the orphan children. Mr. Ward baptized them in the tank there where Jewarbee had been baptized. Eight of the orphan children had been baptized previously so that Sabbath evening forty of these babes in Christ gathered at the Lord's Table and commemorated the Lord's Supper. This was followed by the entire group being taken into the church by Mr. Ward and formed into a class. What a precious nucleus of a Christian church in that "virgin soil."

Little Louise had heard about the angels rejoicing in heaven, so in her prayer that day she said, "O Lord, the angels put up their harps because the people were not converted, but now the angels must sing loud over us with their harps because we are converted."

Mr. Ward often gave helpful messages to the youthful congregation here. He also had the privilege of preaching to the Chief Commissioner of the Central Provinces who came there one Sunday evening after the chapel was built on the corner of their compound. They had known each other when the Commissioner was a clerk

in Pachmarhi many years before, now he had risen to the high position of Chief Commissioner. Later he became Governor General of Bengal. But he ever remained a humble follower of Christ and gave the missionaries here an added piece of property to their compound. They greatly appreciated this kind act of Commissioner Fraser.

Another happy event which gave great joy to Mr. and Mrs. Ward was the visit of a missionary lady from Africa named Miss Fredonia, a niece of the famous Dr. Livingstone and grand-daughter of Missionary Moffat. Thus the busy days of helpful missionary service were intermingled with both joy and sorrow.

Just then, the Wards had a letter from their old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Norton who had first interested them in India. "Come and see us," they wrote from Dhond. "We have a boys' school near Pandita Ramabai's School at Khedgaon, near Poona."

The Wards had an invitation to another place but decided to visit in Dhond enroute, and help them temporarily. The Nortons had a large orphanage of 440 boys, and being near to Pandita Ramabai's famous "Mukti Mission," where she had about 1000 girls and women, this boys' school supplied many husbands to Ramabai's girls. Mrs. Ward looked after the little boys and the sick boys, also taught a class of sixty-five boys in Sunday School.

On New Year's Day they had the big task of distributing new coats to all that big family of boys. Mrs. Norton and Miss Hoffman fitted them, Mrs. Ward called out the numbers, while the Marathi teacher put each boy's number on his coat with indelible ink.

While at Dhond, they had the joy of again meeting

Narayan Waman Tilak whom they had known when he was clerk for the Raja in Raj Nandgaon years before in 1894. They had a pleasant evening's visit with him and were impressed with the conviction that he was led and taught by the Holy Spirit.

Being near Mukti Mission the Wards visited there and Mrs. Ward wrote of their visit, "We had a cordial welcome at the station and were taken from there to the School by bullock tonga. We found everything substantial from the firm stone buildings to the great fat bullocks. Trees and plants everywhere, ferneries, wonderful wells of water, yards around the buildings like a park, everything clean, neat and orderly, system everywhere.

"We were shown the great store rooms with big iron barrels for holding the grain—jawari and bajri, also store room and dining room for the workers. At meal time we all sat on low stools, Indian fashion, and ate Indian food which all tasted so good. We also visited their school, church, hospital and work rooms—50 looms for weaving the "saris" they wear, their dairy buffaloes and cows, the mill for pressing out oil, their fine gardens of both flowers and vegetables as well as fields of grain and fruit trees.

We were there for Good Friday service in their big church which was also used for school. It was an inspiring service and an impressive sight to see the long lines of girls march in and sit on the floor facing the large platform, with no confusion, all keeping time to music. A spirit of reverence pervaded the place. It is a mighty institution indeed."

Another place where the Wards gave a temporary "lift" was at the Vanguard Mission in Sanjan, North of



Bombay, where some of their orphan children from Raj Nandgaon had been brought. These children were so happy to see "Papajee and Mammajee" again. The Mission was contemplating building a bungalow for their missionaries and were delighted when the Wards



Bungalow in Sanjan built by Mr. Ward in 1903, now occupied by the Wesleyan Methodist Mission of North America

arrived just in time to build it. Mrs. Ward also edited their paper while she was there. Later this mission station was turned over to the Wesleyan Methodist Church of America who are occupying it now.

Cupid works in India as well as in America, and here they found that Mrs. Ashton living in Pardi, another Wesleyan Methodist station, was the Miss Sherman they had met in Bombay in 1892. She had married a British

soldier in India. Her friend who had come with her from America, Miss Douglas, had also married a British soldier and was in missionary service in Peshawar, North India. Lastly here was Miss Mary Leach who had taken their two little girls to Virginia in 1893, who had also fallen for Cupid, and in this new bungalow Mr. Ward had the pleasure of "tying the knot" for her and another British soldier, John Read. Nor was this the end of Cupid's doings.

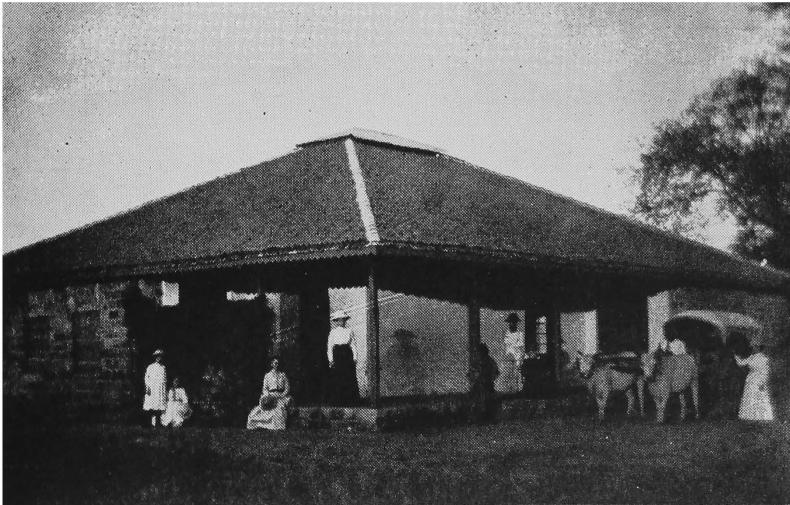
Thomas and Muljee, the two oldest orphans in the school here, picked out two nice girls from the other side of the fence, where the girls lived; the Mission gave their consent for them to be married, and Mr. Ward performed this ceremony also in the new bungalow. Mrs. Ward described the occasion,

"The bridal pairs were decked with wreaths of flowers made by the orphan children. A friend from Bombay brought perfume and threw it over all who were present, the wedding dinner was served in the large dining room of the new house, all the children sat in rows on the floor and the missionaries ate with them, in true Indian style with their fingers, delicious rice and curry, plantains and sweets. The couples acted very well and everything passed off nicely."

## CHATER XVII

### HOMEWARD STEPS

The Wards truly felt like pilgrims and strangers going from pillar to post with no settled abiding place, but they never forgot their church home—the Free Methodist Church. Mr. Ward still had his parchment from the Illinois Conference and had attended their Annual Conferences on both of his former furloughs, 1892 and 1898. (His parchment gave him authority to marry, baptize and administer the sacrament). But now the Pentecost Bands which Rev. Dake had started as the young people's organization in the church, as well as the Vanguard Mission were both independent organizations outside the church.



The Bungalow at Wun

Hence it was with great joy that they received word from the Yeotmal District, "Come home. We need you. Four of our missionaries have gone on furlough and we have an empty bungalow for you to occupy."

This glad news was written to their girls, "We are moving to Wun in the Yeotmal District. There is a bungalow already built there, so we will not have to build one, and it is furnished too." Mr. Ward who had recently become interested in collecting "triads" said the bungalow was furnished with "furniture, food and fuel."

The Ward family of five were an excited, hilariously happy group on the train; as they travelled along they made an acrostic enroute—

Wards are going to  
ardha where they change cars for  
arora and thence by cart to  
un where they hope to stay,

"a while at least," added Mrs. Ward.

On entering the house, they dropped on their knees and thanked the Lord for journeying mercies and for this "haven of rest."

It was just like discovering a "Treasure Island" when they arrived. All their furniture, dishes and bedding had been left in Raj Nandgaon and now they were to have a whole house to themselves—a nice big front room and dining room, two bed rooms with bath rooms, an office ("just what Mr. Ward needs" said his wife), an alcove in front ("just fine for the girls to play"), besides a pantry and verandas, and all furnished too! There were wall cupboards too in every room which they opened eagerly, and in one they found some canned goods and in another some dried fruit.

"Help yourself to everything you find," was the word

sent in regard to the occupancy of this bungalow. "It has been empty so long, we are so glad you can come and be with us in Yeotmal District. Welcome. Welcome."

Do you wonder Mrs. Ward shed tears of joy at the warm welcome into this district to which she had felt a special drawing when she had first come to India so many years before?

"Everything all ready to go right to housekeeping." Before they had finished their tour of discovery there was a squeal of delight from Louise.

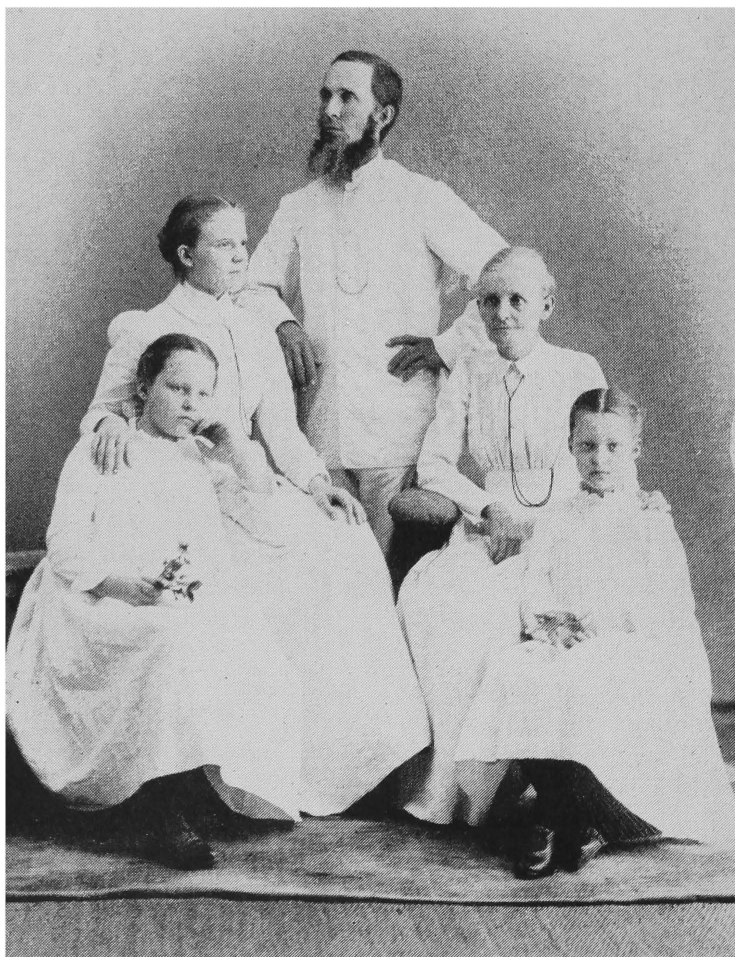
"O lookie," said she, "an organ! isn't that grand? Maybe we can play duets on it, Bessie," (the musical sister of the three.) Of course their joy was somewhat squelched when the poor old asthmatic creature squeaked and wheezed and sneezed instead of making harmonious music.

For the sake of variety they also made some other discoveries, ants and scorpions! It became a pastime to hunt for scorpions and in less than three months they reached their goal of killing 100 scorpions inside the bungalow.

Now to get down to work, the study of the Marathi language was the next thing on the program. Mr. Ward had had his problems with the different languages—Hindi, Urdu, Kurku, (reduced it to writing), Chattisgarhi, (finished Chattisgari dictionary of 1000 words), had tried to "swim the Gujarati sea," and now?

"Yes, I am ready to tackle Marathi, though it is said to be a difficult language. God can help us to get a working knowledge of it at least," he said.

Mrs. Ward had her difficulties in house keeping, both in finding something to eat outside the Sunday bazaar



Rev. and Mrs. E. F. Ward, Ethel, Bessie and Louise

which they would not patronize, and understanding Marathi. But the greatest burden of her heart was in the education of her girls. About this time came an educational number of the Free Methodist paper, showing the different denominational schools in their church, with their pictures of the different buildings and their teachers, principals etc. As she came to the page where "Seattle Seminary" was advertized, she said, "That is where I would like to fly with my three girls." She had known Mr. and Mrs. Beers and Mrs. Shay through her dear Louisa Ranf, hence her special desire that her girls might go there. Was this desire ever fulfilled? Read on.

God had really begun to answer her prayer for her girls' education even before this. Her dear brother Frank who had no children of his own and would have adopted one of hers if she had given one to him, wrote her on this wise,

"I have been thinking much about the education of your girls, and if you would come to America with them I would gladly help in a financial way. But if not and you want to remain there in India, I'll send you some money for their education there. Be sure to let me know your decision."

After much thought and prayer on the subject, Mrs. Ward had answered (this was before going to Wun), "I want to remain in India and I know of a school here in Poona where they can attend, they will not be so far from me. I surely appreciate your kind offer and thank you very much for it."

In a very short time he sent her \$500 which she put in a bank to draw out as needed for their monthly school bills. Bessie and Louise entered the Taylor High School

in Poona, and had had two years there when suddenly the bank where the money had been deposited failed and the girls had to return to Wun.

Then began her definite prayer that they might go to Seattle Seminary. Mr. and Mrs. Clarke who were in Yeotmal had come from there and the letters began to go back and forth; plans were being made, a welcome and offers of work to assist with school expenses came; money came in various ways, some more from her brother Frank, and it was decided that the eldest daughter should go first. A missionary lady was found who was going to America with whom she could travel and arrive in Seattle in time for school, September 1905. Busy days of sewing followed, making an outfit for America; mother and daughter took a hurried trip to Burhanpur to "see your birthplace" said the mother, enroute to Bombay but the parting came only at Bhusawal, half way (to save money). "God helped me as I prayed with her on the train," wrote the mother. "Partings are hard but God comforted me." She was glad one daughter was on the way to Seattle, one-third of her prayer answered.

Mr. Ward hired a teacher and began the study of the Marathi language here. He had an Indian preacher as helper, and the two tramped many miles together going from village to village giving the gospel to "every creature" seen in the villages. Later they hired an ox-cart that took them to quarterly meeting at Yeotmal, sixty-seven miles distant. The trip was briefly described thus, "We took three days for the trip, twenty-four miles the first day, twenty-three the next, and then the remaining twenty in two short stages of eight and twelve miles each. The villagers along the way were so kind and gave us grass for the oxen and wood and water for our needs."



"While travelling," Mrs. Ward wrote, "we also heard of the contemplated railway that is to be built through Warora (sixteen miles from Wun) from Madras to Delhi in the North. (This project became a reality twenty years afterward.)

Another travelling experience by ox-cart is described thus: "The rainy season is on. We crossed the Seonath River in two boats, one fastened to the other. The carts were drawn up on the boats, and we were carried by the men from the muddy bank to the boat. The oxen swam across, and thus we safely reached the other side."

At Christmas they were greatly cheered by receiving a letter from their Publishing Agent, in Chicago, Rev. S. K. J. Chesbro, which was so appreciated that it "melted them to tears."

In March came the Annual "Jatra" (fair) held in Wun when the missionaries came from Yeotmal and daily meetings were held on the Jatra grounds. Here in the dusty out-doors, they sang and preached and sold Gospels in different languages, distributed tracts and did personal work among the great throngs gathered at this large fair.

At the close of one warm day in May Mr. and Mrs. Ward went out to pray in the cool shade of the trees where their souls were refreshed from above. Mrs. Ward writes, "God so flooded my soul with His love, everything sinks before His mighty love." Thermometer outside was 124° and inside the bungalow at 4 P.M. 94°.

Mrs. Ward enjoyed visiting among the women. Though she could not speak the Marathi language, she had a Bible woman who went with her, and Mrs. Ward

would do the talking when they visited among the Moslems, and her Bible woman in the Marathi homes. She writes her experiences of one day:

"Monday, not blue Monday, but a crowning day in my calendar. Called in one Brahmin home and were ordered out after we were singing, but God has helped me, so I fear no man's frown. Called at a kotwal's house where were three interesting little boys to whom I talked about drink and smoking. They promised they would not. I was talking to the two eldest, and the youngest did not want to be left out; he looked up into my face so earnestly and said, 'And me?' 'Yes, you too are included, little man,' and God grant he may be included in the Lord's own."

She mentions seeing scrawny, mangy and lousy dogs over-running the country and Mr. Ward lists in the work of "philanthropy"—killed 33 scorpions, a six inch centipede, one iguana, several rats, all in the bungalow, and outside, one iguana, one large black scorpion, two snakes, and poisoned nine bazaar dogs," to prevent them becoming mad.

December 15, 1905, a long ox-cart trip brought them to Yeotmal for the Christmas meetings. Bishop and Mrs. Sellew had just arrived from America. Flags and flowers were abundant for decoration; the children of the two orphanages lined up on both sides to greet them as they drove into the gate at the Yeotmal compound. Dr. Godbey was also present and many from other missions. Narmadabai from Mukti Mission interpreted for Bishop Sellew. The meetings were very fine.

"How we appreciate all our ministers and missionaries in our beloved Zion," said Mr. and Mrs. Ward, and we feel so happy at home here. Rev. J. T. Taylor was a

member of the same Conference as Mr. Ward and they had known the McMurrays who were now on furlough. Miss Appling had come with them from U.S.A. in 1894. They missed Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Crockett who had returned to U.S.A. on account of her health, also Miss Jones and Miss Miller who had returned to America. The rest were new but they soon fell in love and learned to live harmoniously.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### FINAL STEP IN BUILDING

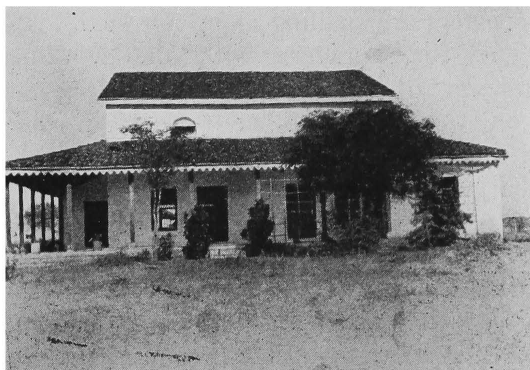
In January 1906 Mr. Ward had the privilege of travelling with Bishop Sellew to North India to see Benares the holy city of the Hindus and Allahabad, the city where the Hindus take a special pilgrimage every twelve years, and this was the auspicious year for that great pilgrimage. What an immense throng of idol worshippers they saw there! It deepened the conviction in their hearts of the need of more "laborers" in this vast needy land.

At that time there were nine Free Methodist missionaries in India (Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Taylor, Rev. and Mrs. M. C. Clarke, Rev. and Mrs. E. F. Ward, Emma Appling, Effie Southworth and Mary Cheynoweth) occupying the two bungalows in Yeotmal and another small house remodeled for living quarters for the single ladies who had charge of the Girls' Orphanage, and the Wards in Wun.

"But we should enlarge our borders and occupy more mission stations" said the missionaries at the annual meeting where Bishop Sellew presided.

Darwha was the most strategic site for the next station. Land was procured from the government right across the road from the dak bungalow where Mrs. McMurry had stayed in her touring trip in 1892. It was voted that Mr. and Mrs. Ward be transferred to Darwha to build this bungalow. Of course they knew they could not settle down in Wun permanently when greater needs called them elsewhere. Darwha was 27 miles west of Yeotmal, Wun 67 miles East.

They left Wun in March and first lived in a tent while starting the building work in Darwha. . . . They bought "straw, cow-dung and twenty carts of wood to burn 20,000 large bricks in a kiln," then brought logs from the jungle, lime from local merchants and the doors and windows were made in Yeotmal by our own Christians



Bungalow at Darwha, last one built by Mr. Ward

there. A Mr. Bell was secured to help in laying the foundation of the new house. A heavy wind came up the next month and tore the fly off the tent, so they decided to build the cook house first. These kitchens were built separate from the bungalow then, so as to keep the heat of the stove outside of the bungalow. The writing of their book, "Echoes from Bharatkhand" was sandwiched in their spare moments while building this bungalow.

This bungalow was the fifth one they had built in India but different in plan from the others. This was square with four large rooms in the center, with high walls, and six smaller rooms around, with lower walls, even with the veranda. The soil here was good "morum,"

so it was easy to get a good foundation for the brick walls. The land was bare of trees, so Mrs. Ward started some seedlings of the neem, a fine easily grown shade tree. In the rainy season she planted seventy of these pretty trees around the bare bungalow and around a drive way in front.

Difficulties? The same as in building at Burhanpur. "The carpenters are snailing along as usual," is one comment. They had prayers with the workmen every morning before the work began. "Thirteen to prayers, sixteen on work" is another remark in their diary. "Fifteen to prayers, nineteen on work," etc.

"Discharged the masons on account of the lack of bricks. Our bullocks went for bricks and the axle tree broke in the river, so the cart-men had to unload the bricks and bring the broken cart to their house. After repairing cart, the bricks were brought leisurely."

The cook house was finished in time for them to move in before the rainy season came on, which was much better than living in the tent. But when the rain came down heavily in one direction, Mrs. Ward was "kept busy wiping up the water from the floor." The fire places were built on a higher level, so when the floor was flooded with water and too damp to sit there, she would climb up to the platform and sit by the fire-places to keep dry and comfortable, but there was no chimney and the smoke was not comfortable.

But the "inevitable smoke" was good for mosquitoes. Rats were a great pest too, especially at night, then goats from the dak bungalow bothered the little shade trees she had set out, but the work continued on the bungalow little by little and at last they were able to move into it the next year. Later the bamboo matting was

woven on the floor, then furniture came from Bombay, and at last all was finished by April 1908. Then came a hard wind storm which tore off three tins from the roof on the South-west corner of the bungalow.

While the building work was going on, they continued their preaching and visiting among the people, held bazaar meetings and Sunday school and sold Gospels on week days. The following from Mrs. Ward's diary is typical of many days: "Called at three homes, the third house a big crowd. First house, three or four listeners; second house, one woman but she listened well; Gangoo's grandmother, a nice appearing old lady. Visited four homes, the first three Moslems! found a poor man to whom I have been giving medicine is worse, but he will not go to the government hospital here. He says low caste people will give him water there, and he would rather die than take water from their hands."

Mrs. Ward mentions in her diary walking to the village from their bungalow about a mile distant, then came the happy day when they had the luxury of a tonga, (spring cart with cushioned seat and a cover to keep out sun and rain.) It was drawn by a pair of oxen which they named Timothy and Thomas which became Mrs. Ward's pets. She writes about them:

"They are such a gentle pair of bullocks. I have just been out petting them. They love me and will stand so still when I rub them down. I can touch them anywhere and they will not stir, no horning or kicking. If I leave one and pet the other, he will come up and give me a gentle bunt with his head as much as to say, 'Now pet me.' One of them is lazy as well as loving and we'll have to sell him, sorry to say."

The pair of oxen they had in Wun were Moses and

Jeshurun, the former was "meek as Moses," and the other was (Deuteronomy 32:15) like Jeshurun who "waxed fat and kicked." If they had a springless cart to pull, the riders inside usually "went bumpety bump, bumpety bump over the stones and the rough roads." Or it might be a muddy road and the balky, lazy ox would be obstinate and sit down right on the slippery steep hill coming up from a river bank. But fortunately there was always a way out some way. They surely appreciated the oxen when they had to carry all the water for the building work from a well half a mile distant from the bungalow. Later a well was dug nearer the bungalow, which is conveniently near most of the year, but still fails in the hot season.



## CHAPTER XIX

### “OUR TRUEST STEPS ARE HUMAN STILL”

Foreign mail came only once a week at Darwha, and that was usually on Saturday. Saturday was a sort of vacation day for Mrs. Ward, getting ready for the Sabbath on the morrow, getting the house all cleaned, (Bagubai who lived across the road usually helped her in this) mending all the clean clothes that had come from the “dhobi” (washer man), seeing that Mr. Ward had his bath, seeing there was enough food in the house for over Sunday, then lastly her own bath. And how she did enjoy that bath room in their new house because they had gone eighteen long months without one, taking their baths just in one corner of the cook house with the doors shut!

After the noon meal and her afternoon bath, she looked forward eagerly to that walk to the Post Office! She didn't need any bullocks for that little walk, because at the end of those steps she would get that weekly letter from her daughter across the waters. That was the red-letter hour of the week to that mother-heart. The letter rarely failed to reach her on the appointed day, and how it comforted that heart at the end of that mile walk.

“Your letters come so regularly, as true as the needle to the pole,” said Mrs. Ward, but once she took the usual walk to the Post Office when the Post Master said, “No letter from your daughter today.” How disappointed she was! What had happened? “I wonder if she had no postage,” said the mother. “Once she had to borrow five cents for her letter to us, but I told her never

to borrow even for a postage stamp." But the letter had been mis-sent to another "Darwha" and in the middle of the week it reached them safely. What a happy surprise!

Her prayer that had been answered only one third when the eldest daughter had reached Seattle, was still being prayed. "If it's Thy will, O Lord, may the way open for the other two also to go to Seattle for their education."

The way did open most unexpectedly. A letter came from Mr. Ward's sister with a draft for over sixty-seven pounds, his share of his parent's estate, that came to over a thousand rupees in Indian money.

"Let us begin to plan sending Bessie and Louise to America now," said Mr. Ward.

They were in the Taylor High School in Poona and they called them to come to Darwha, so they "can learn something about cooking and sewing and housekeeping before going to America."

"I am getting a place ready here for them," wrote the big sister in Seattle. She was getting quite excited over the prospect of seeing her sisters again.

Those were busy days for Mrs. Ward in Darwha after the sisters arrived from Poona. There was so much sewing to be done, but the good missionary ladies, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Edwards (who had recently come from America) Mrs. Clarke, Miss Southworth, all pitched in and helped so much. (Miss Cheynoweth had been called Home to Heaven before this.) Arrangements were made for their passage and they were to sail March 5 from Bombay.

The Heavenly Father who knew all this before they did, arranged that the clothes they would be needing should reach them in time. Mrs. Casberg arrived

(she was Miss Lively then) with the boxes February 26. There were so many nice things, just what they needed for their outfit for going to school in America. "How good the Lord is," said the parents.

He also provided that a missionary might go with them. Miss Appling's furlough was now due, so all the arrangements were duly made that the three should sail from Bombay via the Pacific to Seattle.

The mother describes the parting thus: "My most precious treasures, Bessie and Louise, sailed for America (Seattle) on the S. S. Delta with Miss Appling via Hong Kong. I shall never forget them in their pink dresses as they stood on the stern of the boat waving farewells. As the steamer passed close to us, Bessie shouted for her last word, 'I'll be good,' and I think she will too. This house is so lonesome in coming back to it. A glimpse of Louise's dress just as she had taken it off started the tears flowing, but I was comforted by a motto on the wall, 'Lo, I am with you alway.' If my girls are gone, Jesus is still here." "Thou remainest," was another comforting motto on the wall. "I would so like to have all my girls near me, but I am glad to give up that joy for their good and God's glory," said Mrs. Ward.

But Mrs. Ward wasn't one to mourn over her personal feelings when there was so much to be done for others around her who were more needy than she. In her optimistic mood she wrote her friends, as she was starting out in an ox-cart: "I must go now and get ready for a liver shake-up going to the Bori bazaar for a meeting. Although tiring to the body, it is good for the soul."

She looked forward eagerly to hear from her girls on their voyage to Seattle. She received word that the boat they were to have taken in Hong Kong had been wrecked,

but they were able to take another boat S. S. Tartar, which finally reached its destination.

The eldest sister wrote of their happy meeting in Seattle, "The girls arrived here at night and I was so sleepy when the preceptress, Miss Burrows, called me and woke me from my sleep that I did not think of them until just as I reached the sitting room door. When I opened the door, there the three were sitting so quietly. But it didn't take long until we had a big kissing, hugging, squeezing time, and soon Louise was in my lap and telling me all about their trip across the Pacific. We are so happy together. Miss Burrows has given us a fine corner sunny room together, and we have it all fixed up so cosy and nice."

Not only were the letters going *to* Darwha but every week they were coming *from* there, beautifully penned epistles written so interestingly and laden with love from a devoted mother's heart. She wrote once of the conversion of their cook's wife who gave up her jewelry and was baptized in Yeotmal. When she returned to Darwha, her husband gave her a beating and then packed up his goods and left to go to the liquor shop and get drunk. Mrs. Ward wrote on the third of the month this incident in rhyme,

"Here it is the third and not one word  
Have I written since Monday morn.  
Though the masons have gone, I am still treading on  
A path that has many a thorn.

The cook and his wife lead an up and down life.  
He says, 'I'll not stand any more.'  
So last night he did go with all of his woe,  
To a place he had oft been before.

But the woe to us is, that it leaves us to fizz  
O'er a fire these hot sunny days;  
But Rose takes that part while I try to be smart  
In many diversified ways."

("Rose" was Rose Cox who was appointed to live with them in Darwha.)

Mrs. Ward wrote a letter about a Christian wedding, in Yeotmal:

"I think I will describe the weddings here for the benefit of all you three. The morning was clear in June and the wedding guests were in the chapel promptly by 8:30 A. M. As this was the first wedding among the orphan children everybody was on the qui vive. No decorations except a house plant on each side of the pulpit. (The old chapel where Mr. and Mrs. Casberg had been married). Bro. Taylor officiated. He began on time by singing, "Praise Him, Praise Him." While we were singing the second verse the two couples marched up the center of the church from the back, the brides leaning on the arm of their bridegrooms. After prayer by Anandrao, they sat down in the chairs placed for them in front of the minister.

"The minister then stood up and read Ephesians 5: 22-33, after which both couples stood up while he read the marriage ceremony. It was very impressive and the outsiders (about thirty) seemed very much interested as the wives promised to "obey their husbands," and each one promised "leaving all others to cleave unto him (or her) as long as ye both shall live." After both couples were pronounced man and wife, the orphanage girls sang a song, and they kept beautiful time.

"Congratulations came next, tears among the girls as they filed past. Everything was in Marathi, not a word

of English. After the ceremony was concluded we all went to the boys' orphanage compound for dinner, the happy couples riding over in a tonga. We felt God honored us with His presence as at Cana of Galilee."

## CHAPTER XX

### STEPPING HEAVENWARD

There was a gracious revival in Yeotmal during the usual Christmas meetings. On Sunday January 3, 1909 fifty converts joined the church on probation. Doulatrao Makasare, one of the preachers, was greatly blessed in preaching from John 1:11, 12.

Misses Allee and Santee had come as new missionaries from America. Mrs. Ward had a severe illness, pneumonia, and Miss Allee was successful in nursing her so that it did not prove fatal. Then came the annual business meeting when the missionaries requested the Board to grant a furlough to Mr. and Mrs. Ward. The reply to this request was to "defer taking their furlough until a year later if their health would permit their remaining on the field a year longer."

This action of the Board was a great disappointment to their eldest girl in Seattle Seminary as she was to graduate from High School the following Spring, but the fond parents had experienced so many disappointments in life, they took this decision cheerfully and spelled it "His appointment" and left the matter entirely in the Lord's hands.

But their eldest daughter too took it into her hands. "I think the Lord would be pleased if you took your furlough now," she wrote them," as it will be eleven years since you had your last furlough in America. I am writing to some of my relatives who are not in the church, and I feel sure they will be glad to give some toward your fare. I know the Board has so many expenses to

meet, and would surely be willing to have you come if I raised the money here. As soon as I collect sufficient for it, I am going to cable you one word, "Second," which means I have enough for you to come second class. "I think the Lord is going to answer my prayer and let you come, for I *do want you to be at my graduation*. So look out for my cable. Start getting ready."

But they did not get ready; they just continued their usual missionary work. Rev. and Mrs. Shelhamer were at the next Christmas meeting in 1909. At its close they went to Raj Nandgaon for more meetings, and on January 17, 1910, in Raj Nandgaon the Indian Holiness Association was organized with Rev. Ward as President. Eighteen members signed the Constitution. One of these charter members was Miss Gertrude Alcorn who had recently come from America, had joined the Free Methodist Mission and had been appointed to Darwha.

March 10 came the cable, "Second." They did some hurried packing and left Darwha March 30. They would have preferred going via the Pacific, but were not able to get a passage that would arrive in America in time, so they took a boat from Colombo, went third class to Genoa, Italy, and then second class via Naples and on past Gibraltar direct to New York, where they arrived May 21, over a month after leaving Colombo. There were many friends in New York with whom they would have enjoyed visiting, but they had their eyes set for Seattle, their goal where three girls were anxiously waiting for them.

They missed the pleasure of seeing Miss Southworth who was in New York on her first furlough and about to embark for India again. Mrs. Ward hurriedly saw her three brothers in Northern Illinois as they passed through enroute to Seattle. In Chicago they had some difficulty in



getting a through ticket, clergy rate without travelling on Sunday. It seemed for a time they were going to miss reaching Seattle in time for Commencement.

"We don't want to travel on Sunday," they said, "neither do we want to miss our daughter's graduation when we have come over half way around the world to be present that day." The fond mother faced the disappointment bravely? No! she sat down at the Missionary headquarters in Chicago and gave vent to tears! It was before the day of air travel. Both time and money were so scarce. "Must we miss it after all" sighed the dear mother.

But Miss Mabel Cook came to their rescue and assisted them in getting a train which left Chicago May 31 and arrived in Seattle, Washington Saturday evening about 10 P.M.

The three sisters were just too excited to eat or do anything but flurry around to get a room ready for their dear parents. Everybody in the school dormitory knew the Ward girls' parents were arriving from India that evening.

"May we go to the depot too?" asked many of the students.

"Sure, come along," was the answer. "We'll probably need somebody to hold us down to the earth, so we won't fly off with the joy and excitement of it all."

The train was late. All were on tiptoe to see the elderly couple get off. "Yes. There they are. I see them," and a triple rush of arms went flying through the air to greet and grab them.

"It just seems too good to be true you are really here at last," said one.

"I can scarcely realize it either," said the mother.

And so her wish of long ago had come true. She had

flown(?) to Seattle with her three girls. How good the Lord had been!

The family of five enjoyed Baccalaureate Sunday together, then the "Elocution Recital" Monday evening. Tuesday evening was the annual praise meeting of the students. Wednesday morning was Commencement. Their daughter was the salutatorian of her class. As she stepped out to give her word of greeting there was only one face in that whole audience she seemed to see—the face of that dear one who had denied herself and sacrificed so much for her and travelled so far to be present—her mother!

The "sweet girl graduate" received a bountiful supply of roses—two tubs full, which the Mother seemed to enjoy even more than her daughter!

"How beautiful! What wonderful, wonderful roses!" she exclaimed over and over again, and buried her nose in their sweet fragrance.

After Commencement the Ward family rented a little house up on the hill back of the school. It was furnished with odds and ends of furniture and things given by kind friends in the neighborhood. The Wards had a saving sense of humor and some of these donations brought much merriment in the family.

Twelve short happy weeks of distilled joy and essence of delight flew by in that little family group. The two elder sisters found work to add a little income to their budget. Mr. Ward was out holding meetings, while the youngest, Louise, and Mother kept house. They found another small house to rent on a level nearer the school and they moved.

One evening when the eldest daughter came home from work, Louise said to her, "Mother is sick."



The Ward Family in 1910

This news seemed to pierce her like an arrow. "Is our happiness of a united family to end so soon?" Then came the thought, "If her work is done, why not now?" She had heard her mother say when she saw an invalid being wheeled around in an arm chair, "I hope the Lord will spare me from such an invalid life, and take me Home when my work is done."

She went into the little bed room where her mother was suffering from fever, but cheerful as ever, the Mother said, "I don't think I am very sick." She had trusted the Lord for her body all the years she had been in India, and she was trusting Him now to do what was best.

Mr. Ward was not at home. Mrs. Ward had reproved her daughter for not being always as kind and thoughtful of him as she should have been and gave a parting message she never forgot, "*Remember he is your father.*"

He returned home two days later. A doctor was called who pronounced it "a touch of the grippe going the rounds."

But the mother had said herself, "I think I have pneumonia but I don't think I am going to die."

The morning before the father reached home, the mother was heard singing so sweetly as the eldest daughter stepped to the door:

"Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;  
Hither by Thy help I've come,  
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home."

"That is the last time you will hear her sing on earth" said an inner voice. It was too. In less than twenty-four hours, the death angel came for that dear precious Mother.

After midnight when life was fast ebbing out, the Father asked her, "Is all well, Phebe?"

"Yes," came her clear reply. That was her last word on earth. Perhaps "Salaam" was her first word on the other shore as she met the many dear orphan children whom she had loved and brought into the fold of Jesus from "India's coral strand."

While sick she often said, "I am so tired." The following lines were found in her diary after she passed away:

"Oh the bliss of life eternal!  
O the long unbroken rest!  
In the golden fields of pleasure,  
In the mansions of the blest.  
But to see our dear Redeemer,  
And before His throne to fall,  
There to hear His gracious welcome  
Will be sweeter far than all."

Then she adds these words, "God gave me this verse when I thought of not seeing my girls again, after hearing the decision of the Missionary Board (to defer furlough till next year) and it comforted me."

Rev. C. E. McReynolds the pastor of the Seattle church preached the funeral sermon from the text, Matthew 25:21. Rev. and Mrs. M. C. Clarke sang a beautiful duet, "When our ships have crossed the ocean." Yes, her "anchor's cast, home at last, the voyage safely o'er."

She was laid to rest in the Mt. Pleasant Cemetery by the North gate and under a large fir tree. At the grave was sung,

"I will meet you in the morning,  
Just inside the Eastern Gate."

The verse for the day that she went to Glory found in

the Birthday Book given to her eldest daughter was 2 Timothy 4:7, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course." It was September 1, 1910, and the verse of poetry which follows was also put on her tombstone,

"Her work was done; and like a warrior olden,  
The hard fight o'er, she laid her armor down,  
And passed, all silent, through the portal golden,  
Where gleams the victor's crown."—*R. H. Baynes*



Grave of Mrs. Phebe Cox Ward  
Tombstone—the gift of Seattle friends

## CHAPTER XXI

### “ONE STEP ENOUGH FOR ME”

The “Kindly Light” that had led Mr. and Mrs. Ward through the changing years did not fail now. Although the life path that had been shared and brightened by his worthy companion, must now be trodden alone, yet his kind Heavenly Guide never failed him. Mr. Ward felt assured that the path for him would lead back to India and he wanted his daughter to return with him. She gave up her plan to go through College after one year more in Seattle when the first year college work was started in the school which later was called Seattle Pacific College.

Until their sailing time, Mr. Ward travelled through the States speaking on India. In his report to the Missionary Secretary he wrote that he had had the privilege of visiting seventeen conferences to “roll the missionary ball.” He had spoken seventy-five times at indoor meetings and twenty-five times in street meetings, also sold 300 copies of “Echoes from Bharatkhand,” and had travelled 14,000 miles and raised \$3,363.97 for missions from October 1, 1910, to October 1, 1911.

The eleventh day of the eleventh month of the eleventh year (1911) was the auspicious sailing day. It was a small party in numbers but each member unique in his own line, for here was returning the first foreign missionary of their church to his field from his third furlough, his daughter was the first “second generation missionary” of their church, another of those young lives who had been kindled with missionary zeal through the tragic death of Louisa Ranf was Mrs. MacGeary, who

had organized the first Woman's Missionary Society in her church, and the fourth member was her fine husband, Rev. J. S. MacGeary who had just been elected as the first Missionary Bishop of the Free Methodist Church.

A large crowd of friends and relatives including Mr. Ward's sister who was on the staff of workers in the well-known Florence Crittenton Homes, were at the dock to wave farewell to these sailing on the S. S. "New York" bound for Plymouth, England. The voyage over the Atlantic was somewhat rough and they were glad to see land again when they arrived safely in Plymouth November 18.

After a few pleasant days visiting the famous sights of "dear old England" the party embarked on the S. S. "Persia" and arrived in India December 15. Rev. J. T. Taylor and S. D. Casberg were at the docks to welcome them in Bombay. After a few shopping days there, all boarded the train for "home," arriving at Dhamanagaon the next morning and thence by horse tonga to Yeotmal. As the horse tonga came trotting through the front gate of the "big bungalow" compound, there were two long lines of flags fluttering in the breeze, and two long lines of children all waving welcomes to the new "Bishop Sahib" and the "Mem Sahib" and the "Ward Sahib" and to their "Ethelbai" who had been away in school studying for six years.

The formal "welcome meeting" came in the evening where garlands of flowers were placed around their necks and flowery speeches of welcome were made. Later came the "jɛvarn" (feast) where all sat on mats placed on the ground and enjoyed a real Indian dinner, at least the Indians enjoyed it. On Sunday Bishop MacGeary



preached from the inspiring text, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," 1 Samuel 7:12, as Mrs. Taylor interpreted. A week of special meetings were held and the Bishop's messages were much appreciated. At the close of these meetings seventeen more members were taken into the church at Yeotmal.

While Mr. Ward was on furlough, Mr. Casberg had built a fine bungalow in Umri, a new mission station about thirty-seven miles East of Yeotmal. Here Mr. Ward and his daughter were stationed at the first annual meeting after his arrival. Miss Alcorn was stationed in Darwha and Miss Cox and Mr. and Mrs. Damon and family in Wun, the same annual meeting stationed Mr. and Mrs. Casberg at the Boys' Orphanage, Miss Southworth and Miss Santee at the Girls' Orphanage and Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Taylor, Superintendent of the Mission, all at Yeotmal.

Miss Allee on account of her health had returned to America in the meantime, and four other missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Whittle, Anglo Indian converts of Mr. Ward, and Mr. Lind and Mr. Mynett of England were taken on temporarily as missionaries.

At this same annual meeting the missionaries asked an appropriation from the Missionary Board of \$2000 to build a new church in Yeotmal. They had been using for a chapel two of the larger rooms attached to the "much-fixed-over" house where lived the two "Missisahibs" who were in charge of the Girls' Orphanage. The orphan girls had the pleasure of being janitors for this chapel which had only a dirt floor, but on the dirt floor was a good bamboo matting. The boys from the Boys' Orphanage sat in the front rows according to their number, and the girls sat behind. This gave the girls the

opportunity of observing where certain boys always sat every Sunday.

This was in the days before co-education and Sunday was the "lucky day" when they had the pleasure of seeing each other. As for communication, what could be better than to slip notes under the matting! Therefore, the janitresses were always happy when it came their turn to clean the chapel. But the chapel became too crowded. For years the missionaries had been setting aside their tithe for the new church fund, and by 1912 had accumulated a goodly sum which with the addition of \$2000 would be sufficient to build a church. In the meantime Mr. Casberg was getting fine experience as a builder here, having built the Umri bungalow and a new bungalow on the Garden Bungalow compound, besides other smaller buildings.

The new bungalow in Umri was built of stone as it was cheaper than brick since the stone was available right on the land owned by the Mission. It was built on high ground with good drainage and the view from there like that from the Darwha bungalow was beautiful to the north and south, and the western sunsets were simply gorgeous. There were villages in every direction and Mr. Ward as usual began his evangelistic work here walking from village to village. Here are a few excerpts from his diary of 1912:

"E. and I went to Sahayakeda and preached, 20 hearers. Got caught in a shower coming home and stopped under a tree in a field with a wooden idol."

"Walked to Runja Bazaar, seven miles distant and preached to 100 hearers. Very tired returning but providentially got a ride of two miles."

"Preached at Dharmu bazaar, 40 hearers."

"Went to Pandhar Kawada bazaar and preached, 80—100 hearers."

P. is the place six miles distant where the Post Office was located. There was no "rural delivery" for the Wards, so they had to go for their mail at least twice a week, and at the same time buy all their grain and fruit and vegetables.

"E. and I walked to Pandhar Kawada and back, nearly twelve miles, preached at Pimpri on the way, thirty hearers, at Kongara, fifteen hearers." When there was a lot of mail at the Post Office the way did not seem so tiresome.

Then came the happy day when a tonga was furnished for the Umri station. Then comes this note in the diary, "Preached at P. bazaar. Coming home the tonga lynch pin came out and the wheel would have come off if I had not been walking behind just then and noticed it."

There were many lonely days for his daughter here, even at Christmas time they were out touring the villages in their tonga. The account of this trip is briefly stated in Mr. Ward's diary:

"*Tuesday*. December 24. Left Umri and passed five villages and reached Kinni bazaar where we preached to 100 hearers and sold Gospels. Lodged at Patel's (mayor) veranda.

"*Wednesday*. (Christmas) Preached at Bori, 50 hearers, sold Gospels. One man offered to feed us if we would tarry that day. Preached at Wardki, 150 hearers. Put up at 'musafir khana' (inn).

"*Thursday*. Preached at Wadhona, 100 hearers, and sold Gospels. A cattle bazaar here, camped under trees, put up at "chowri" (inn) at night. Inspector of police gave us some fruit and vegetables.

*"Friday.* Preached at Aпти, 80 hearers. Put up at 'chowri' in Jhargaon, Patel here English speaking Brahmin. Preached here, 50 hearers, and sold Gospels.

*"Saturday.* Went on to Ralegaon and put up in the school house. Indian Government doctor here very friendly.

*"Sunday.* Preached at Ralegaon in the A. M. and at Raveri in the evening, 60 and 20 hearers.

*"Monday.* Went on to Mohoda via Krishnapur bazaar, where we preached, 60 hearers, and sold Gospels. Awful rocky road. Lodged at Mohoda 'chouri.'

*"Tuesday.* Preached Pimpal Shende, 20 hearers, also in Mohoda bazaar, 100 hearers, and sold Gospels. Left for home in the evening."

There is a good government road from Mohoda to Umri so the following is easily understood, "Reached Umri in three hours. Travelled 80 miles this 8 day tour through thirty villages."

Brief Report of this year's work, 1912 as follows: "Preached 218 times in 50 towns and villages, sold 400 Gospels and Christian booklets in Marathi and Urdu languages, distributed 250 tracts free, gave out medicine to 182 who came to the bungalow from fifteen different villages." Sunday School was also held every Sunday in charge of his daughter.

This same program was repeated in the next year, 1913. The following are a few of the unusual happenings: "a hyena came near my cot when sleeping out doors last night;" a few days later "chased three antelopes out of the yard;" another day Sitabai, a very industrious woman who was converted in Darwha and was living here with her husband who was the cook, was working in the field near the bungalow and set fire to dried up

grass, when a wind came and the fire spread to the bullock shed and burned it up. Men came running from the Umri village and stamped out the fire before it had reached the big pile of grass stacked for the oxen the coming year. Cutting the grass and stacking it was one of Mr. Ward's "pastimes" in October after the rainy season was over.

Another news item: "A rain storm blew off sixty sheets of corrugated iron from the out houses, and scattered them over the field, but nobody killed." Again: "Saw two wolves in the middle of the day running across one end of our compound." Another time two panthers were seen on the hill back of the bungalow, also a hawk seen which had swallowed an adder, thus gorged it was unable to fly.

The quarterly meetings which were held in Yeotmal were always occasions of spiritual blessings, and the Wards never failed to attend whenever possible. Sometimes the rivers between were flooded, so that crossing was impossible. (There have been many bridges built over these rivers since those days.) At one of these quarterly meeting occasions they enjoyed going to Sunday school held in the new Mission school building in Maharwada. There were 150 children present. This was in the same locality where Mrs. McMurry had started a Sunday school eighteen years before, "the first Free Methodist pulpit in Yeotmal." Many of the boys and girls in this new School were probably the children of those who were enrolled in that first Sunday school.

In October 1913 Mr. Ward and his daughter along with three more of the Free Methodist Missionaries attended the annual meeting of the India Holiness Association at Raj Nandgaon. On the first Sunday Mr. Ward was asked to preach at the Leper Asylum which



**Baptized Lepers**

had recently been turned over to the missionaries here, and they had been faithfully giving the gospel as well as medical aid to these poor wretched specimens of humanity. Some of these lepers had accepted the gospel and been converted. They wanted to witness to their confession by baptism, so on that day Mr. Ward and Mr. Whistler had the joy of baptizing eleven of them.

This was done by the lepers kneeling in the river (it flowed right by their Asylum) and the water being poured over their heads. It was the first baptism among the lepers, but since then many have come to Christ, from this same Asylum. Surely these whom the world shuns, outcastes from society, who have believed in Jesus as their Savior and been washed by His precious blood, will be standing around the Throne singing praises to “Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood,” saved forever from all defilement!

Returning from Raj Nandgaon after the Convention, Mr. Ward stopped in Wun with Mr. Damon. Here he saw a company of about fifty people of the Pardi caste with whom Mr. Damon had been holding meetings. Some of them had also believed in Jesus and professed conversion, but being a wandering group of people, they did not remain long near Wun. Only Eternity will reveal whether they kept the faith to the end.

Arriving in Umri again, he found the preacher's sister-in-law very ill with enteric. She passed away the next day and was buried. This was the first death in Umri.

## CHAPTER XXII

### “HAND IN HAND WITH WONDERING STEPS”

Sometimes at the Holiness Conventions where missionaries of various churches would meet, Cupid would come also and do his busy work. It so happened at this Convention too. There was a lady here who had been known to Mr. Ward for many years. She was the same age as Mrs. Ward and had been matron at the “Reapers Home” in Virginia where the two older Ward girls had gone in 1893, so she was well known to them and loved by them too. She had joined the F. M. Church when first converted in Iowa in 1890, and had given liberally of her money to God’s work. After her husband’s death, she had paid her own fare to India and supported herself these fifteen years previous to this auspicious Convention in Raj Nandgaon.

But it was the bachelor Brother Carkuff who was brave enough to broach the subject to Mr. Ward. When they were retiring one evening after the close of the night service, he said to Mr. Ward:

“Brother Ward, Why don’t you marry Sister Tucker? Don’t you know she would make you a fine wife?”

“Perhaps she won’t have me,” was the candid reply.

“Well, why don’t you ask her?”

The answer was not reported, but it was soon learned he had asked her, and she answered with a glad “Yes.”

January 17, 1914 was the wedding date, when these two walked down the aisle “hand in hand” and were united in marriage. Mr. Ward’s diary records it briefly,



"My beloved Elizabeth and self were married at 3 P.M. by Brother Whisler in the Pentecost Band Chapel. Quite a congregation present. They sang both Hindi and English hymns." (Although working in the Hindi language area, she had not studied the Hindi language, but generally spoke in English even to the little Indian boy she had adopted whose name was Tommy Tucker.)

The next day "as his custom was he (Mr. Ward) went to the bazaar (synagogue) on the Sabbath day and stood up" to preach. It had been noised abroad that the "Ward Sahib" was in town, so the many people who had known him during the famine siege and when he was building there, crowded around to hear him, two hundred of them.

The new couple, Mr. and Mrs. Ward, left the next day for Yeotmal. "Had a most happy time on the train" says the diary.

It happened in the "pretty ways of Providence" that the very day this new couple reached Yeotmal was also the day that a party of five new missionaries from America arrived! Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Foreman (Mrs. Foreman was the daughter of Bishop and Mrs. MacGeary), Miss Elizabeth Moreland, Miss Rena Marston and Miss Ella Becker. Every welcome service is a great occasion in India, so the garlands of flowers and the flowery speeches were spread on thick on this very happy day.

The eldest daughter hurried back to Umri to finish the preparations in welcoming the new "mother" to her new home. She went by horse tonga which was a little quicker than by bullock tonga and carried the mail to Pandhar Kawada. It was over a twenty-four hour journey by bullock tonga but only seven hours by horse tonga. That was before the automobile made its advent into the Mis-



Rev. E. F. and Mrs. Elizabeth Tucker Ward

sion, although it was just ten years previously (1904) that Yeotmal had seen its first motor car drive into the city. What excitement it produced among the Indian people who came rushing from their doors to see the wonderful new "gari" (cart or vehicle) go by so fast without the aid of oxen! But Time makes its changes.

The old chapel where this happy welcome service was held was becoming entirely too small for the congregations now crowding in for services. The Mission after much prayer, search and consultation finally decided to buy a suitable lot for the new church. They bought a fine corner lot near the "mail tonga wallas" for 1700 rupees from a man named Hari Bhau. This was before the money had come from America in answer to their request for \$2000, but they had faith it would come.

In due season it did come, and the work of building the new church was given to Mr. Casberg. The orphan boys helped some in its building, and in spite of difficulties and delays it was finally finished and Mr. Ward was asked to preach the dedicatory sermon February 4, 1916. The text used on the occasion was Exodus 25:8. "Let them make me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them."

After settling in Umri, Mr. Ward continued his missionary itineracy. Accompanied by Brother Damon and Doulatrao (one of the Indian preachers) they went to an annual fair called the "Kapsi Jattrā." It was held on the banks of the Wardha River about thirty miles from Umri. They visited the temples of Vithoba and Rukhmi and saw the car of Krishna and many filthy "sadhus." They preached to crowds of Hindu worshippers here and sold many Gospels and Christian booklets. There was an immense throng of 20,000 people at the height of the fair. When they returned home at the

end of this five day trip of seventy-two miles, they enumerated only eight accidents which had happened during that time:

1. Cartman fell off the cart and hurt his back.
2. Linch pin fell out but discovered before the wheel came off.
3. Yoke broke in crossing mud up to the hubs.
4. Brother Damon fell sick.
5. Pot of "dal" (lentil) tipped over.
6. Brother Damon lost deer he shot.
7. Dog stole our "chappati" (bread).
8. Crow preyed on our game in our cart while we were away.

The wheel did come off the tonga (ox-cart) about a mile from the bungalow after they had started for quarterly meeting once, but no one was injured. The oxen simply stood still, and a borrowed wheel was put on and the journey resumed. Five couples were married at Yeotmal after the quarterly meeting closed. They were all from the orphanages. The notes under the matting had proved very beneficial in getting acquainted, for the old chapel was still in use!

At the last quarterly meeting of the year, December 1914, the missionaries had the privilege of again having Bishop and Mrs. MacGeary with them as they were returning from their stay in Africa and were on their way back to America for the next General Conference in June 1915. Psalm 68:13; 1 Peter 2:9; Matthew 7:21; Galatians 6:9; and 2 Corinthians 5:14 were some of the texts used by Bishop MacGeary in the helpful sermons given at this time.

Mr. Ward found great pleasure in studying the stars whenever travelling by night (usually preferable to day

travel in the hot weather), and when sleeping out doors at night in the hot weather. Twice he mentions seeing a meteor at night in 1914 and 1916, and also August 26, 1915 "saw a halo about the sun at noon looking dimly like a rainbow."

Bishop MacGeary's last Sunday in Yeotmal, February 21, 1915, he preached from Revelation 1:18, and this was followed by an interesting baptismal service where twelve were baptized in the tank in the Girls' Orphanage compound, one of whom was a Brahmin convert who later married one of the orphan girls.

It was with sorrowing hearts that the missionaries bade goodbye to Bishop and Mrs. MacGeary and their daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Foreman, as her health did not permit her to stay longer in this tropical climate. It was also time for Miss Santee's furlough to America and she sailed for home. Then Mr. and Mrs. Casberg were given a year's leave in India, so Mr. and Mrs. Ward were asked to fill the vacancy in the Boys' Orphanage.

Six months after being in the Boys' School Yeotmal Mrs. Ward was taken ill and it was thought best that they go to Landour at "Ellangowan Rest Home" for the hot season. Mr. Ward after his many years in India had not felt any need of going to the hills in the hot season, and had not been for fifteen years. He had had one visit to America during this time, however, and it had been a good tonic to his health. So April 5, 1915 saw them bound for Landour. April 25 was his birthday. His daughter knew he was not overly fond of real cold weather as often found there in these foot hills of the Himalaya mountains, so she sent him a few lines of doggerel to warm up his father heart, along with some

money to buy a book. There were plenty of book stores or shops in Landour or in Mussoorie 500 feet lower than Landour, and there was nothing Mr. Ward enjoyed more than books. He could truthfully be called a "book worm."

The doggerel was enjoyed and pasted in his diary.

To my dearest Papa dear,  
Just a bit of birthday cheer  
To warm you up among the snows  
From your loving girl who knows  
That a book like welcome guest,  
Of love and cheer is e'er the best.  
So here enclosed is all to use  
In buying just the one you choose,  
When Landour days are gone and past,  
A birthday present that will last.  
My loving wishes this embraces,  
For birthday bright with no ill traces.  
May joy and comfort it impart  
Warm as the love flows from my  
heart.

Mr. Ward greatly enjoyed the privilege while here of attending the services both at the nearby Kellogg Church and at the Union Church in Mussoorie. The speakers at the "Convention for the Deepening of Spiritual Life," this year were Dr. C. A. R. Janvier, Rev. Pengwern Jones of Assam, and Rev. B. T. Badley, afterwards Bishop Badley. Such men of God could but feed the soul, and their messages were relished by their missionary hearers.

Mrs. Ward became seriously ill here and two doctors were called, both of whom pronounced it cancer and gave her only three months to live unless she were miraculously healed. She was hopeful however of her condition

and felt she would get well if she could get back home to Umri. They left Landour very soon while she was still able to travel. There were several changes to make on the train, and once a party of forty people crowded into their compartment seated for twenty-four and rode for several stations. About half way home a car wheel cracked which necessitated the car being taken off the train and it was the car in which they had been riding! But God's guardian angel protected them and they arrived in safety at Dhamangaon, and another good providence in journeying mercies provided for them seats in a motor car going to Yeotmal. This was the beginning of motor bus travel to Yeotmal, which was twenty-nine miles from Dhamangaon the nearest railway station on the main railway line going through from Bombay to Calcutta.

Another of God's good mercies was to provide a fine nurse for Mrs. Ward. Miss Rena Marston, recently come from Seattle, Washington, was a registered nurse and she immediately took the case in hand and began caring for Mrs. Ward. Miss Marston nursed her faithfully and did all within her power to alleviate Mrs. Ward's sufferings. She was taken to Umri but could only remain two weeks. She was not able to eat or digest any food, and she gradually became weaker and weaker. She knew she was not long for this world, but death had no terror for her. She gave instructions as to her wishes for her funeral and said, "I am glad there is a cemetery here where I can be buried." She endured her great sufferings with much patience.

Shortly before the end, she said to Mr. Ward, "Oh, I am going home to be with Jesus. I see my way through to Glory. I am ready to go. We have both been happy

here, but Oh, the Glory up there."

Thinking of her years in India, she said, "I am not sorry I came to India. I shall meet some of those little children I have cared for here on earth up in heaven." Her last words were, "Praise the Lord."

She passed away September 3, 1915, just five years and two days after the first Mrs. Ward had gone to Glory, and just three months after the doctors' verdict. Medical skill was not sufficient to keep her longer on earth, but she had "kept the faith" and "finished her course."

Her long time friend, Miss Effie Cowherd, preached the funeral sermon, using Numbers 23:10 as her text. There were a number of English officials present including the Deputy Commissioner of Yeotmal District, besides all the orphan children and the missionaries who mourned her loss.

She was laid to rest near the grave of Miss Mary Cheynoweth who had died of small pox in 1908, on whose tomb stone are engraved her dying words,

"Had I a thousand lives to live, I would spread them over needy India."



## CHAPTER XXIII

### “IN HIS MASTER’S STEPS HE TROD”

“My foot hath held his steps, his way have I kept, and not declined.” Job 23:11. These words of Job were also applicable to Mr. Ward. His sorrows had only sweetened his life, not soured it. He kept on the even tenor of his way going daily to preach the gospel wherever he could find an audience, on the train, at a shop, in a village, by the wayside or in the market, called “bazaar” in India. Yeotmal was his residence now.

World War I had begun. 1916 was a year of goings and comings in the Mission. The Casberg family who had been in India nearly ten years, Miss Louise Calkins whose furlough was due, and Miss Ella Becker whose health did not permit her to remain longer in India, all sailed for America via the Pacific Ocean early in the year. Little did they realize when they bade farewell to their beloved co-worker, Miss Rena Marston, that she would have reached Heaven before they reached America.

After caring for Mrs. Ward so faithfully and for Mrs. Casberg when their last baby (Lorena) was born, Miss Marston went to Poona to study the Marathi language with Miss Cowherd. Here she took the dreaded small-pox and after two weeks of suffering she fell asleep in Jesus, April 7, 1916. Thus, in about two years after that joyful welcome meeting for six new missionaries, all had gone except Miss Elizabeth Moreland who had appeared the frailest of all, but has “endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,” and has done noble service for Christ these many years in India.

Five months after Miss Marston's Home Going came another welcome meeting, the first one in the new church, when Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Taylor, Misses Alcorn, Santee and Barnes arrived, having come via the Pacific, all returning from furlough except the last. They were all able to make their little speeches in Marathi in response to the welcomes from the Indian people, even to Miss Barnes the *new missionary*! The Indian people had never seen her before, and she nearly electrified her audience when at the close of her little English speech she added a few sentences in Marathi which she had memorized on the boat with the help of the other missionaries.

Miss Barnes had taken a course in Phonetics while attending the Biblical Seminary in New York before sailing for India. She did so well in the study of Marathi that she excelled all former records in the Language School, and passed her second year's examination in this difficult language after only eight months in India.

Mr. Ward was not a race horse in the language course, but he kept plodding on and studying more and more Marathi in his spare time and making more and more note books. He already had a number of note books in Urdu, Kurku, Chattisgari, Gujerati and Hindi languages and now was adding to his stock by accumulating Marathi note books. But his favorite pastime was collecting "triads" of the Bible, as he called them. He had a small Bible first in which he marked the number of every "triad" he found in the order found. Thus one page of the Bible might have on the margins the numbers 91, 17, 110, 42, 677, 2309, etc., for he found over 3,000 of them before his studying days had ceased.

The "epitome" of Mr. Ward's labors of 1916 as re-

corded in his diary are: "Preached 347 times in three different languages in seventy towns and villages and sold and distributed hundreds of Gospels and tracts in three different languages in fifty-three villages."

Jottings from Mr. Ward's 1917 diary are as follows:

"Went three miles to Kote bazaar, preached to 100 people, sold 118 books."

"Pulled tooth for Indian woman, the twenty-fifth I have pulled for people here, also pulled my eye tooth which has been giving me much pain."

"Walked to Mujhari, eight miles, and preached to twenty people at Bodhgawan, to fifteen at Rachandna and to sixteen at Murjhari."

"Distributed 100 tracts while travelling on the train."

"Worked on fence wall. Good rain caused the thermometer to fall 25°."

"Received a letter from a Hindu who wants to become a Christian to get work."

"Our mango tree has produced 1500 mangoes this year."

"Nearly touched a snake (2 ft. long) in my box of books."

"Delayed four hours at one stream for the water to subside before crossing it."

"Preached to twenty-five on the train and distributed 300 tracts on this trip."

"Busy writing a holiness tract in Marathi, 'Kadesh Barnea.'"

"A ten day siege of sickness, maybe hay fever and sun fever combined, 103° temperature, but recovered in answer to prayer."

The year 1918 Mr. Ward's preaching work continued in Wun where he was stationed. His daughter sailed for

America in May to go to Greenville College. This was the year when influenza epidemic claimed many casualties—Miss Grace Barnes, two preacher's wives in Wun, and many others. Miss Barnes had begun a splendid work in teaching the Bible according to the Biblical method as she had learned in the Biblical Seminary in New York. She endeared herself to the Indian people among whom she labored and their love was expressed in the spontaneous tears that flowed at her funeral. It was the same when the greatly loved nurse, Miss Marston passed away. She was the second missionary who had been taken by small-pox, Miss Cheynoweth being the first.

When one remembers these four young lives called *Home* during their first term in India, Miss Cheynoweth, the preacher; Miss Barnes, the teacher; Miss Marston, the nurse, and the most unselfish, efficient Miss Ranf, one is constrained to remember the lines,

"If we could know beyond today as God doth know,  
Why dearest treasures pass away and tears must flow,  
And why the darkness leads to light,  
Why dreary paths will soon grow bright,  
Some day life's wrongs will be made right;  
Faith tells us so."

The "epitome" of Mr. Ward's 1918 labors as found in his diary: "Preached 343 times in 58 villages, three fairs, and on trains distributed hundreds of leaflets and sold 550 Gospels and Christian booklets. Baptized twenty-five and took into the church."

World War I closed this year and there was a great peace celebration in which the missionaries and Christians took part. Miss Helen Root, who had arrived in December, 1917, took a prominent part in this and also in a big temperance meeting where over fifty persons signed the

pledge, but the most important event of the whole year to this little band of missionaries who were reduced to five persons, was the arrival of twelve in one party—the Casberg family of five, Rev. and Mrs. R. N. Davis, Rev. and Mrs. F. A. Puffer, Mr. W. N. Thuline, Miss Evangeline Crockett (daughter of Rev. and Mrs. H. L. Crockett who had left India in 1900,) and Miss Louise Calkins; the first and last mentioned were returning on furlough while the rest were new missionaries. It was indeed a royal welcome given to this fine addition to the Mission force, all of whom remained their first term in India before going on furlough.

The year closed with a fine Christmas program given by four different Sunday schools around Yeotmal, and then a big Christmas dinner out under the trees in front of the "big bungalow" where about 300 Christian people enjoyed a feast of rice and deer meat curry. The Christmas service the next morning was well attended when Mr. Ward preached from Matthew 1:21.

Mr. Ward moved back to Yeotmal in 1919. From his diary we read "bungalow invaded by black worms and beetles" one day; another time "a large ape lodged on top of a 50 foot cork tree during the night, could not drive him out;" again, "one of our oxen bitten by a snake fell dead, bought another ox for 150 Rs. (\$50)," "went to dinner to Mr. Thompson's, forest officer who has a six months old tiger, large as a large dog, ran all about us" (later sold to Calcutta zoo), "made butter (from buffalo milk cream) myself and had first genuine buttermilk in years," "baptized Johnny Joy and Tommy Tucker in tank near cotton gins," "ordained Anandrao by authority of Bishop Sellew, Brother Casberg assisted."

## CHAPTER XXIV

### "WILL LEAD MY STEPS ARIGHT"

"He who from zone to zone  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone  
Will lead my steps aright."—*H. C. Bryant.*

1920. Forty years since Mr. and Mrs. Ward had sailed for India the first time. They felt that God had led them aright all the way. This year there are not only reports of sermons "preached" in Mr. Ward's diary but also "prayed with" Indian workers, inquirers from Pusad, Amrit (teacher) and his three brothers, officials, a Major, travellers, strangers, relatives, etc.

The missionaries were privileged to have a visit from Rev. Floyd Appleton of China in February as he came through India returning to America. Mr. Ward went to Bombay with him when he sailed and there in Bombay they "saw for the first time air ship flying." Mr. Ward also sailed for America at this time and while on the boat did personal work among Hindus and Moslems, also sought to comfort an Englishman among the first class passengers who had recently lost his wife and begged Mr. Ward to "help in prayer on account of his overwhelming sorrow."

In June Mr. Ward enjoyed being at Greenville College for Commencement as both his eldest daughter and son-in-law (to be) were in the graduation class. Two weeks after Commencement his youngest daughter, Mary Louise, and Hugh Vore were married at South Haven, Michigan. Mr. Ward performed the marriage ceremony.

It was a quiet wedding at the parsonage, the home of Mr. Vore's sister, but the church people gave a rousing reception to the happy couple. The next month Mr. Ward's eldest daughter sailed from Seattle returning to India in company with Miss Southworth.

Another happy occasion for Mr. Ward was the privilege of going to Ann Arbor, University of Michigan and visiting the Astronomical Observatory there. He describes the visit thus, "Visited the Astronomical Observatory with Brother Miller, Prof. W. J. Hussey in charge. Showed us 12 inch refractory telescope, also 37 inch reflecting telescope, saw moon, saw Vega, saw nebula Andromede, star cluster Hercules Beta, Lyra, variable star being photographed, saw double stars." Psalm 8:3, 4.

California had special attraction for Mr. Ward because the warmer climate was more like what he was used to in India. So he came and his first letter says, "One thing is remarkable about California: Proximity to the sea coast, altitude, rain fall, nearness to high ranges of mountains, and prevailing winds have much more to do in fixing the climate than latitude. I have been surprised at the number of cool days we have had during my stay on this coast."

During his stay this time he enjoyed seeing many Hindus and preached to them every opportunity that he had. Preaching and praying seemed to be his meat and drink. He writes of preaching to the Chinese through an interpreter, and also to the Japanese and Mexicans on the Pacific coast.

In July, 1921, Mr. Ward heard of his daughter Louise's illness and fearing her condition was critical writes, "But I do hope and pray that our kind heavenly Father will

spare her life for His service in the foreign mission field if most for His glory." They had looked forward to preparing for India, but God seemed to plan otherwise. In her last letter to her father Louise wrote, "May God bless you, dear father, and give you a safe and prosperous voyage back to your beloved India, and may the time soon come when Hugh and I may follow."

Her father's heart was wrapped up in her and when the wire came that she was not expected to live, his heart was broken, and when the next wire came saying "Louise died at 8:50 P.M. last evening (Aug. 23), victorious to the last," he wrote, "This breaks my heart all up again." Later he wrote a short account of her life in a small book called "Memory Links of Our Chickabiddie."

He was not able to go to the funeral as his passage was engaged to sail for India from San Francisco the next week. There were many friends at the dock to see them off—Mr. Ward, Miss Cowherd and Miss Moreland. As the ship sailed away, the friends sang,

"Speed away, speed away, on your mission of light," and

"God be with you till we meet again."

His calm serene face while on this boat seemed to have impressed the officers aboard for one of them said concerning Mr. Ward, "It takes a long life of good living to produce a face like that."

They escaped a "terrific typhoon" while on this voyage and finally landed safely in Calcutta, then on to Dhamangaon where the new Mission Ford met them and brought them to Yeotmal in two hours and a half—an unprecedented speed for this twenty-nine mile trip of winding road through the hills to Yeotmal, 1300 feet above sea level.



The usual welcome service was held with flowers and speeches, October 29, 1921. Mr. Ward returned to Darwha this time, where he was stationed with his daughter and Miss Alcorn until she left on furlough in a few months. The railway had recently been built here, narrow gauge, from Murtizapur on the main Railway line through Darwha to Yeotmal. One accident occurred when the train went over a bridge and both the engineer and the fireman were killed. The bridge or line had not yet been repaired when three days later all were going by train to Yeotmal for quarterly meeting and waited four hours at the Darwha station for their train to Yeotmal.

These quarterly meeting occasions were times of blessing and spiritual encouragement to both missionaries and Indian Christians. There were often baptismal services held then, and at this time Mr. Ward baptized a Hindu convert who soon after died a triumphant death, knowing he was going to see his Savior who had died for him.

Mr. Ward as usual resumed his evangelistic work, visiting the villages preaching and selling Gospels on week days, then every Sabbath would find him at the Sunday school and preaching service in the morning, and at the bazaar in the afternoon where he never failed to hold a street meeting, or bazaar meeting as it was called in India. He often had the "wordless book," or a large Bible picture to attract the attention of the passer-by and used to quote catchy couplets in Hindi, Urdu or Sanskrit when preaching in Marathi, for many different languages were understood by some of the people in these audiences.

Sometimes this weekly bazaar meeting would become very monotonous to his daughter and she would concoct

excuses for him to stay away for a change, "looks like rain today," or "this Hindu holiday—no use of going," or "you're too tired to go today," and once feeling exasperated she said,

"Oh, what is the use of going anyway? We see no results of our work and have no encouragement except in God's Word." (Gal. 6:9)

"Well! Isn't that enough?" he answered reprovingly. "God keeps the books correctly and if we always saw our successes we might be tempted to become vain over them."

So Mr. Ward never faltered over either praise or blame but ever kept stepping straight ahead in the furrow God gave him to plow. The Indian people appreciated his singing and preaching, and if he happened to sit quietly on the train or bus while travelling, his fellow passengers would say,

"Sahib," (the word generally used for "Sir.") "Sing. We want to hear one of your songs," or "Give us a lecture, Sahib." They paid good attention generally, or some one might ask questions or want to argue. Once some mischievous boys tore up tracts that he had been distributing for which he reproved them of course. Once when travelling on the train in America, some men began to take God's name in vain, and he reproved them for it. II Timothy 4:2 was his rule of life.

Mr. Ward appreciated all the Indian helpers whom he had through the years. His diary is replete with their names—Trimbuck, Prasad, Raoji, Doulatrao, Eknath, Anandrao, Monsing, Yeshwant, Bajirao, Amjido, Benjamin, Joseph and many others.

The India Holiness Association after its organization in Raj Nandgaon held its annual conventions there for

ten years, then in 1920 chiefly through the instrumentality of Miss Helen Root it was moved to Yeotmal where it has been holding its annual meetings ever since, except one year when the plague was raging in Yeotmal it was held in Poona.

Mr. Ward always enjoyed the study of the flora and fauna of the country, and one missionary's son after he was grown up said, "What I remember about Mr. Ward was when we would walk together through the jungle, he would tell me the names of all the trees we saw along the path, and even the weeds! He would tell me the Indian name, the English name, and the Botanical name of nearly every growing thing we saw. And then at night he would tell me about the stars. He had his mind so full of God's great works in Nature, he never worried over what people thought or said about him."

Mr. Ward found bits of folk-lore or history sometimes in remote places, which he recorded in some of his numerous note books. Going from village to village preaching the gospel he found a suttee monument in a village called Walge Kinni, north of Darwha which he describes as follows :

"Preached in village of Walge Kinni and sold a Gospel to the patel (mayor) who was deeply interested. The suttee stone here is about four feet square. Two feet of trap rock represents a large hand held up with a round disk above. The body to which it is attached is entirely defaced. On the stone above are two persons sitting apparently holding up a child. In the center a man on horseback and at the bottom one person standing on another lying down. The latter may have been designed to represent the suttee ascending the funeral pyre.

"The tradition as told by the village people is that long

ago a maid was betrothed to a man living in Kinni. After she grew up she was brought, unbeknown to her husband, by her father to the bank of the river when it was in flood. The husband was grazing cattle on the village side of the river and at the father-in-law's call of assistance brought the maid over at the risk of his life. He then learned who she was. Some years afterwards when the son died, at the suggestion of the mother-in-law the maid burned herself on his funeral pyre as a token of her regard for him. The above described monument was put up in her memory."

Besides doing evangelistic work, Mr. Ward did some manual work for a change in 1922. The Mission bought a little additional land to the property around the bungalow, so Mr. Ward put a barbed wire fence around it, and employed as a helper a recently baptized convert, Gunda, one of the first fruits of those from the Pardhan caste. Another young man of the same cast was baptized at the same time and was given the name of Daniel, and given work as a cartman. Mr. Ward also turned the tiles on the bungalow and out houses in his recreation time. Anandrao helped him measure this new land mentioned above which required 360 posts, 10,000 feet barbed wire, 15 pounds of 2 inch nails and 10 pounds of dammar.

The Lord blessed in meetings held among the Pardhans and at one meeting held in their section of Darwha there were thirty in attendance and six of them asked for prayer. The eldest son of one who had been baptized when Bishop MacGeary was in India but had gone back from the Lord, became very ill. The backslidden father had married this oldest son to a little Hindu girl, and now he was nigh unto death. Though burning with fever

the Hindu relatives burned the top of his head with a red hot sickle, and denied him even a drop of water, both internal and external. The missionaries finally persuaded the father to let his son be taken up to the bungalow for treatment.

"He is probably dying anyway," they thought, so let him be taken there.

In the providence of God Mr. and Mrs. Thuline (who had married immediately after finishing their Marathi examination) had just been stationed here in Darwha and were able to care for this "dying" (?) son. Later Miss Menter and Miss Phelps, trained nurses who had recently come from America, also had a part in caring for him until he was fully recovered. Mr. Ward had the joy of baptizing him along with another trophy of grace of the same caste. The Christian names given these young lads were Paul and Silas. They have been worthy successors of their Bible namesakes, but time would fail to tell how God has helped them and made them useful workers for Him in the church.

This year the Mission enjoyed a visit from two missionaries from China, I.S.W. Ryding and David Cook who stopped here en route to their homes. Then Mr. Ward was delighted to again see his adopted daughter Theodosia whom he had not seen for nearly thirty years. She attended the Holiness Association Annual Convention held in Yeotmal. Another visitor or rather invited speaker at this Convention was Rev. McCarty, Missionary Secretary of the Wesleyan Methodist church, whose messages were greatly enjoyed by all the missionaries and attendants at the Convention.

The month of August of this year (1922) was long to be remembered in Mr. Ward's church history because it

was in this month that the different societies in the different mission stations were organized into the Free Methodist church, the "mandli" (Marathi name for "church"). Rev. Taylor had finished getting the Free Methodist Discipline translated and printed in Marathi. The Yeotmal church had long since been organized and most of the Christians had their names in that society. But now it was decided that every mission station should have their own separate society.

Mr. Ward read the General Rules of the church from the Marathi Discipline and then organized the different societies. Darwha was organized first with seventeen members. Next Umri with fourteen full members and seventeen on probation. Next Wun was organized with nine full members and four on probation.

Thanksgiving Day this year was celebrated at Darwha where Mr. and Mrs. Puffer and the Misses Southworth, Calkins, Phelps and Menter enjoyed their dinner with the Wards and Mr. and Mrs. Thuline. The new member of the Mission family was three months old, Horace Crockett Thuline who honored the Darwha bungalow by arriving *there*, instead of at the Nagpur hospital where his parents had planned his arrival!

The year 1923 saw a continuation of Mr. Ward's evangelistic work, daily preaching at some village or bazaar. The note in his diary for January 26 reads, "Since November 1, 1921 I have preached in eighteen new villages in this Darwha talook (county), making sixty-eight villages in this talook in which I have preached to date."

In February he went to two large fairs called "jatras" where he reached hundreds of people with the gospel message and sold 250 books. The rain overtook them on

their return as they rode in their ox-cart "snailing along in rain most of the way home."

March 23. "Made map of our Mission field for General Conference exhibit including part of Chanda and Edalabad talooks. Total population 650,000." Next day "We attended a big Hindu Temperance meeting in pandal (booth) Dr. Kane Secretary." May 29. "Went to Nagpur for dental work. All trains so packed full had to climb in through the windows" (third class).

September the plague was severe in Yeotmal, where the orphanages were, "Brother Puffer brought forty boys down here on account of the plague," next month they "went back to Yeotmal" after the plague had subsided there. All were inoculated, hence there were no casualties among the boys.

November was the beginning of the touring season. Mr. Ward and daughter and two Indian preachers started with two carts and three tents and equipment going to the northern section of Darwha talook. "Camped in Ner, good bazaar here, audience of over 100 attentive listeners at the bazaar meeting, also at Watphali the following day. Reached twenty other villages on this trip and sold 241 books before returning to Darwha the next month." (Miss Alcorn has done much work in this section and there is now established a flourishing church at Kharadgaon. "The tears of the sower and the songs of the reaper will mingle together in joy by and bye.")

In December Missionary Secretary Olmstead visited India which was a great encouragement to the missionaries.

## CHAPTER XXV

### STEPPING STONES

Stones are cold things, so are figures. But cold figures make statistics. And statistics show results, or should at least, and "there's nothing succeeds like success," and *Success* is often spelled in *Statistics*. Mr. Ward just "ate up statistics" when it came to telling the distances of stars, number of "light years" away from the earth, geological specimens, their age, weight and value, etc. The population of all the big cities of the world, and all the important dates of history were at the tip of his tongue. But when it came to "counting noses" of converts, he was not particularly interested, for "who could tell just whose influence had won the converts?" So he left all the results with God! He had called him to be "faithful" in his service, and he only kept track of what he did, and let God count the results.

These his last years in India he kept a diary as usual in which he wrote what he did day by day. His love of statistics led him to make many note books which were a happy hobby with him. He wrote down the names of all the villages where he preached and how many times he had been to every village. In his 1923 diary he has written the names of seventy-five villages where he preached, and his 1924 diary names sixty-nine villages, most of them in Darwha talook. Miss Alcorn has also visited scores of villages here, so it can be truthfully said that every one of the 200 or more villages in this county has been reached with the gospel message, though perhaps only once in the life of some persons.



The statistical report which Mr. Ward gave at annual business meeting in Yeotmal for 1924 was as follows: Preached 254 times, Average attendance 30, also preached eleven times on Railway trains, number villages 69, and three Jattras (fairs), Gospels and booklets sold 700, Married one couple and baptized three people. Casualties (?): Killed five rats, and one cobra three feet long in my bath room!

Number feet of water in Darwha wells in October:

Mission well near the road, 31 feet of water;

Dak bungalow well opposite, 34 feet of water;

Patel's well in field, 27 feet of water.

(This is the end of the rainy season when there is the most water of the whole year)

News items found in Mr. Ward's diaries:

"Three of the circus folks (English people) who are stopping in the dak bungalow across the road called on us and I prayed with them."

"Preached to ten snake charmers in the bazaar."

"Preached to fifty lepers in their asylum in Raj Nandgaon."

"Went to Bombay on business, preached to passengers and gave out tracts."

"Gave a New Testament to Dhanpat Rao, Superintendent of Post Offices, Amraoti."

Mr. Ward also mentions buying 500 holiness tracts in Marathi and mailing them to 52 parties in Maharashtra (Western India where Marathi is spoken). He was interested in increasing holiness literature, and he had Watson's *Holiness Manual* put into Marathi and printed at his own expense. He also wrote a booklet called *Kadesh Barnea* in Marathi. He greatly enjoyed the Holiness Conventions of 1924, 1925 and 1926 where C. B. Harvey

of the Wesleyan Methodist, A. I. Garrison of the Christian Missionary Alliance, Mr. Fritzlan of the Nazarene Mission, and Mr. Zook of the Holiness Faith Mission gave inspiring messages on holiness from the Bible.

Mr. Casberg had finished building the chapel in Umri now and Mr. Ward had the privilege of preaching the dedication sermon October 26, 1924. He used the text Exodus 25:8. The next year in November he also had the privilege of going to another church dedication, Murtizapur, where the Christian and Missionary Alliance are the next door missionary neighbors although fifty miles distant. This place is about forty miles south from Ellichpur where Mr. Ward lived when he first came to India. There was not a single church building in all of Berar in 1881 but now he rejoiced to see chapels and churches dotted all through the four districts of Berar—Buldana, Akola, Amraoti and Yeotmal, occupied by four evangelical denominations, Nazarene, C. M. Alliance, Conservative Baptists, and the Free Methodist to the extreme east of Berar. Rev. Deshpandi, a Brahmin convert from Hinduism preached at this dedication at Murtizapur, and it was a great joy to Mr. Ward to see such saints as he who are pillars in the church of Christ in India, and he believed that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

On January 10, 1925 Mr. Ward wrote of baptizing Kondubai, mother of Daniel whom he had baptized some time before, and the following year he married this Daniel to Mary, one of the orphan girls who was named for Mary Cheynoweth. This was the first couple to be married in the new Umri chapel.

The automobile was the mode of travel generally by this time, if petrol was available, but the guardian angel

was busier then, than in the slow ox-cart travel. Here is one instance related by Mr. Ward :

Leaving Umri "we all went back by auto to Yeotmal. Brother Root drove. At the sixteenth mile stone a bolt came out of the steering wheel and the auto ran against a tree. Most providentially it did not happen on a high bank! ! !"

Thanks to their guardian angel who cared for the auto load of missionaries, no harm resulted but when the car stopped with such a jolt, the missionary child on the back seat said, "What we come here for?"

Mr. Ward used to keep statistics of the rise and fall of the temperature by watching his thermometer which was always kept hanging on the back veranda in front of his room in Darwha. On January 24, 1925 he records "40° at 6 A. M. the coldest I ever saw it in this latitude."

In June this year he mentioned preaching at Walsa the home of Gunda whom he had baptized at the same time as Daniel, but now he heard that Gunda had passed away the Sunday before, leaving a testimony that he belonged to Jesus.

Mr. Ward also mentioned the plague in Darwha, "Number of attacks of plague is 81, of which 55 have died." The Indian Christians who lived in the town near the school house where the church services were held, all moved out of their houses and came up to the bungalow compound and lived in tents until the plague subsided in the town. There were many more deaths than the few mentioned above, but the Christians all being inoculated and living in more sanitary surroundings escaped it for which they thanked the Lord sincerely. They experienced Psalm 91:10. "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling."

In January 1927 the Wards enjoyed a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Root who brought along a "magic lantern with Bible pictures." These were shown in different sections of the town several evenings and the services were well attended by many thoughtful and appreciative hearers.

Mr. Ward gave in his last annual report to the Missionary Secretary, Rev. B. L. Olmstead, briefly as follows, "Travelled 2700 miles by railroad, auto and ox-cart, preached 145 times." Also notice here Mrs. Ward's last year's report of 1910 from Darwha, "Walked to meetings 48 miles, rode 362 miles, made 68 calls and attended 100 bazaar meetings besides looking after the work around the house."

Mr. Ward was now feeling age creeping on him; he was 74, and he tired more easily than in earlier years, so he planned to leave India in time to attend General Conference in America. This being his last year in India he wanted to visit some of the first stations again. He went to Burhanpur where he built his first bungalow. He wrote "called on some people in the city who remembered us forty years ago." His daughter also went to Khandwa near there where she heard Sadhu Sunder Sing preach. It was indeed a great privilege to see and hear this Indian saint who in a few short weeks after this went to the cold icy slopes of the Himalayan mountains to preach to those who did not know Jesus, and was never seen again. Like Enoch he "walked with God, and he was not, for God took him."

Another person Mr. Ward was very happy to see this time in Darwha was Meriko, one of his orphan boys from famine days in Raj Nandgaon. He had not seen him for nearly thirty years, and now he was blind!

"How did you happen to know where I was?" asked Mr. Ward "and how can you travel alone on the train, for it's over 200 miles from here to Raj Nandgaon?"

"O Sahib jee," said the blind Meriko. "I heard you were going back to your country soon, and were never going to come back to our India again. I wanted to see you once more or hear your voice at least, and I knew I could never go to America to see you, so I asked and asked where you were now. The Raj Nandgaon missionaries told me you were in Yeotmal, so I asked one here and another there the way here, and I sang on the train, and kind people, one here and one there, gave me pice (coppers) along the way, and so I reached here safely with the help of my stick."

"Do you beg for a living or have you learned a trade?" asked Mr. Ward.

"O yes, I have learned a trade. I weave baskets," Meriko answered, "but I did not have enough for my fare here, so people helped me and I am *so glad* to see you again, Papajee," said the happy blind man.

Mr. Ward was also glad to see him, and specially when he found out Meriko had learned to read the Bible in Braille. "But such Bibles are very expensive" added Meriko. Of course Mr. Ward was glad to help the blind man financially and he went on his way rejoicing having seen his beloved "Papajee."

Another happy occasion in this Mr. Ward's last year in India was the privilege of seeing Mahatma Gandhi in Yeotmal. He wrote in his diary, Saturday, Feb. 5, 1927. "We heard that Mahatma Gandhi was in Yeotmal, so Ethel and I went there to hear him speak. She got his autograph in her Birthday Book. All we missionaries went to hear him speak at the Town Hall in the

evening. There were several thousand people gathered there to hear him. They all sat on the ground in orderly rows on the maidan surrounding the Town Hall. Mr. Gandhi spoke in pure Hindi. He was seated on a platform outside the Town Hall. His great theme was "Patronizing Home Industries." A Letter of Welcome in a beautiful silver case was presented to him, but he told them to sell it for the benefit of poor artisans. So it was sold at auction for 110 rupees.

"Mr. Gandhi has the quiet composure of a Hindu sadhu (religious saint). He wore only a "dhotar" (Indian pants), and also a "chaddar" (shawl) around his chest and shoulders." These were both home-spun, woven by hand on his "charka" or spinning wheel, which was his emblem. This hand spun cloth is called "khadi" or "khadder" and he asked Ethel if she would wear it before he signed his name in her book."

Mr. Ward took his last trip to Yeotmal April 13 when he baptized his last Hindu, a Mahar woman whose husband had been a Christian for some months, and seeing his consistent Christian life in the home she asked that she too "might have the same kind of a bath that her husband had to make him a Christian." She was baptized in the tank near the church and has been a faithful witness for the Lord ever since.

The farewell service for Mr. Ward and Miss Persis Phelps who was also leaving on furlough at the same time, was that evening after the baptismal service. It was held in the church where the Indian Christians gave garlands of beautiful flowers and spoke appreciatively of both Mr. Ward and Miss Phelps and gave them parting gifts to "remember India." Mr. Ward gave his farewell message from the text I Corinthians 3:6, "I have planted,

Apollon watered; but God gave the increase."

Five days later they boarded the train in Darwha for Bombay. Dr. Chamaret of Amraoti was on the same train, the brother of the kind man who had sold the "big bungalow" and property to the Mission thirty years previously. Turning to Mr. Ward, Dr. Chamaret said, "So you are retiring, Rev. Ward? You are leaving many friends behind in all communities who will not forget your many years of faithful service here."

At Akola station en route, one of his "old boys" he had rescued in Ellichpur, met the train and garlanded him with flowers. Thus his Indian friends expressed their love and appreciation by "saying it with flowers."

They sailed from Bombay April 23, 1927, when he said Goodbye to India for the last time.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### LIFE'S LAST STEPS

“For, should the Pilot deem it best  
To cut the voyage short,  
He sees beyond the skyline, and  
He'll bring us into Port!”

These are the lines Mr. Ward had pasted in his diary on the eve of his sailing from India. He thought his days on earth were numbered and he was most anxious to be present at one more General Conference in America, hence his haste to reach there in good time.

They met many fine missionaries on the same boat with them and one of them, a Miss Brown, disembarked with them at Marseilles and the three went by train through France to Calais and then an hour's boat ride to Dover, and on to London. Mr. Ward described their journey in his diary, “Delightful sunny day from Paris to London, lovely ride through England, fruit trees in blossom, gardens blooming, cattle grazing, all so beautiful and green.”

They stopped at 10 Finchley Road “Home of Rest” which has indeed been a delightful hotel for missionaries travelling through England. While in London the three enjoyed the sights together and visited the usual famous places of interest—Parliament Buildings, Westminster Abbey, Greenwich Observatory, Kew Gardens, Tower of London, Picadilly, St. Paul's Cathedral, Bunhill Fields, John Wesley's church and home, particularly his prayer room and the room where he died. Then they sailed from Southampton and arrived in New York May 22, and



the following week landed in Rochester for the General Conference.

The *Conference Daily* made this mention of Mr. Ward, "The Conference has been honored and blessed through the presence of an unusually large number of missionaries. The dean of the thirty or more who have been present is Rev. E. F. Ward. With more than forty years of active service in India to his credit, Brother Ward is measurably active physically and thoroughly alive with interest in the activities of the church at home and abroad."

After the General Conference Mr. Ward came on to Chicago where he met his daughter Bessie who had been attending the Chicago Evangelistic Institute. He went to the Chicago District camp meeting and then on to his own conference (Illinois) which was held in Rockford that year. Mr. Ward made this comment in his diary, "Attended Illinois Conference Free Methodist Church which is the fifth time I have attended: 1. Freeport 1880, 2. Elgin 1892, 3. Aurora 1893, 4. Rock Island 1911, 5. Rockford 1927."

Mr. Ward visited relatives and friends all Summer, saw the house where he was born in Elgin, Illinois, also drank icy cold water out of the spring where he lived as a lad in Geneva before the civil war, wrote letters in his spare time (eighty to be exact), then in September when the weather was beginning to feel a bit chilly in the East, the memories of the warmth of Southern California beckoned him Westward. He and his daughter went by the Sante Fe route and arrived in Los Angeles September 23.

Here he had the joy of again seeing his only brother and three sisters, and the eldest daughter of his eldest

sister whom he had not seen for thirty-seven years! She had been living in Denmark with her Danish husband. Mr. Ward also had cousins living here in California and the close of every visit with every one of his relatives was the inevitable "word of prayer" with each of them. He prayed most earnestly that each one would know for himself (or herself) that he had been "born again" and become a "new creature" in Christ Jesus.

Another great joy he experienced in Southern California was the many wonderful sermons he heard from the "top notch preachers of the day in the holiness ranks" as he expressed it. They were Joseph H. Smith, Dr. H. C. Morrison, Rev. Oswald J. Smith, Bishop G. W. Griffith, Bishop A. D. Zahniser, Rev. A. L. Whitcomb, Dr. W. C. Pearce, Rev. W. B. Olmstead, Rev. McLeod, Bishop J. S. MacGeary, Rev. E. E. Shelhamer, also Prof. LaDue and many others. His diary is full of notes from their sermons. He enjoyed going to all the meetings in the church; Rev. Williams was pastor first where he attended. There were so many fine pilgrims in the section of Los Angeles called Hermon, he decided to live there.

Hermon is the section of the city where the Los Angeles Pacific College is located, and Mr. Ward enjoyed going to the different programs and meetings of both the school and the church there. He never failed to attend the Thursday morning and the Wednesday night prayer meetings of the church, as well as the monthly missionary meetings and all other services that were within walking distance. When he first settled in Hermon at 573 Kendall Ave., he was able to do a great deal of walking. He found a walking companion in Brother Hart, and these two did intensive missionary work dur-

ing the years from 1927 to 1930 as they visited from house to house and prayed with the people and distributed tracts in every home.

In May 1928 he had an urgent invitation from Rev. and Mrs. M. C. Clarke, whom he had known in India and who were now in the Oregon Conference, to speak at their Annual Missionary Convention in Portland, Oregon. Mr. Ward went and greatly enjoyed seeing these co-workers again, and also Rev. J. T. Taylor who had been Superintendent of the India Mission the twenty years he had been there, as well as a member of the Illinois Conference with him, but now a member of the Oregon Conference. Mr. Ward met again Mr. and Mrs. Edwards too whom he had known in India and also Mr. and Mrs. Silva of China (Mrs. Silva was the granddaughter of the Freelanders who knew Louisa Ranf of days gone by), and then again he saw Geneva Sayre of China and Nellie Reed of Africa and many other friends, both new and old.

In July of this same year he had the great privilege of attending the Tenth World's Sunday School Convention at the Shrine Auditorium that seats seven or eight thousand people. It was an inspiring occasion. The large choir with "huge organs" especially attracted Mr. Ward's attention, as well as the wonderful addresses given by the greatest Sunday School workers of the world.

The following month he mentions going to San Pedro to see the Davis family and Miss Phelps sail for India again. There were about fifty folks at the docks to wave a farewell to these missionaries, one of whom, Mrs. Melba Davis, never saw America again for God called her to higher service before her next furlough.

Tuesday November 6, 1928 Mr. Ward had the pleasure

of voting in an American election and voted for Mr. Hoover who "won by an immense majority," and on March 4, 1929 he heard his inaugural address over the radio at L.A.P.C.

Mr. Ward enjoyed attending the Fortieth Session of the Southern California annual conference July 16, 1929, and the camp meeting in connection with it held in Hermon. He greatly enjoyed the messages given by Rev. A. L. Whitcomb and Rev. D. L. Fenwick, (the latter being the son-in-law of his old time friend, Rev. F. D. Brooke of the Illinois Conf.), and also the ministry of Bishop Griffith who presided at this conference.

Rev. R. H. Warren was the pastor at Hermon and his sermons were appreciated very much by Mr. Ward. His weekly letters to his daughter who was still in India were often filled with notes from the sermons he heard here. He copied from the Church Bulletin Board these lines he sent her :

"From all blindness of heart, from pride, from vain glory, from hypocrisy, from envy, hatred and all uncharitableness, good Lord deliver us."

Another interesting item mentioned is, "Brother Warren has preached four times from Matthew 4:19. 'Follow me.' " (Brother Warren later became Bishop.)

Mr. Ward's 1930 diary has pasted in it the World Day of Prayer March 7, 1930 "Call to Prayer," also the Annual Convention Program of the W. M. S. of the Southern California Conference where Dr. William J. Wanless, famous missionary surgeon of India, Dr. A. U. Michelson of Palestine, and Rev. B. H. Pearson (later of South America) spoke, as well as Rev. M. C. Clarke and Mrs. Jessie Casberg, both former missionary friends

in India, and two missionaries from Africa—Esther Smith and Anna Miller. His missionary interest and zeal was thus ever kept aflame, not only centered in India but in China, Japan, South America, Africa, the islands of the sea, the foreigners on the Pacific coast, and his Hermon neighbors too. Nearly every day in his diary there is mention of “Calls, calls, calls” on the neighbors.

Mr. Ward's whole year's report can be briefly seen in these lines written across one page of this small diary: “Continued to distribute papers and tracts almost daily and often prayed in houses in Hermon and N.W. side Aroyo Seco accompanied by Brother Hart or Brother Bolton. Read many books in Public Library. Attended many cottage prayer meetings.”

At the end of this little diary there is a list of thirty-two books which he read in one year. It was quite a long walk from Kendall Ave. to the Public Library but he wanted the exercise, and as he used to say in India when tramping along with his heavy “ammunition boots,” “doing my duty in wearing down the hills and roads.” Some thought it wore him down to wear such heavy shoes, but he persisted in buying them for they lasted a long time!

1931 was the year for another General Conference. He was now looking forward to the arrival of his daughter from India. How eagerly he read every letter from her. She was coming the overland route via Iraq and Palestine, Egypt and Europe. He studied the maps most keenly. He had often wanted to visit the Holy Land but now he was to visit it by proxy. As he read each letter, he wrote down the names of places visited, and made a list of ninety names which he called “Ethel's Trip Spring 1931” from Darwha to Los Angeles, but it

did not include (by mistake) the World's W. C. T. U. Convention she attended in Toronto, Canada, where she went as a delegate from India.

He used to share her letters with his Hermon friends. There were three "Sisters" (MacGeary, McGarvey and Lodwick) who lived on Kendall but over a block away across the Monterey Road. Whenever they would look across the way up Kendall Ave. and see his tottering foot steps coming down the street, they would say, "Here comes Brother Ward with another letter from Ethel."

The letters ceased coming after she was at General Conference in Greenville and travelled Westward with Mrs. MacGeary. Mr. Ward's kind landlord, Mr. Bush with whom he lived, took Mr. Ward in his car to meet his daughter when she arrived at the depot in Los Angeles. It was indeed a happy meeting, but Oh! how he had failed these four years, and he came with trembling steps toward her!

"I want you to meet these fine pilgrims here in Hermon," said Mr. Ward to his daughter, "but they are great folks to move around here, from one house to another."

So the calling and visiting began. Nearly every day as long as he could walk, father and daughter would be seen going along the streets in Hermon meeting all the "pilgrims" and getting acquainted with many friends, both old and new. Many of them were most generous too in taking Mr. Ward to church in their cars. One in particular could never be forgotten, Brother C. Peters who lived two blocks from Mr. Ward would come regularly every Sabbath day to take Mr. Ward to church, and also to prayer meetings during the week. Mr. Ward appreciated this kindness very much, and often used to

say, "What could we do without you, Brother Peters?"

God let Mr. Peters live as long as Mr. Ward seemed to need him, then the very next week after Mr. Ward had had his last ride on earth, God called Mr. Peters to Higher Service above!

1932 is Mr. Ward's last diary and it is made up mostly of vacant pages and references to "visits" to Dr. Mattison who was most kind in treating him again and again. He mentions "losing his last tooth," "also "taking medicine occasionally." Gradually his bodily strength became weaker and weaker. He was not able to tramp about as formerly. His early morning walks, the habit of a life time to take walks around five oclock in the morning, had to be discontinued, much to his regret. His hand writing also became more shaky and almost illegible. The following quotation is written with shaky fingers,

"If you want to be discouraged, look within,  
If you want to be defeated, look behind,  
If you want to be distressed, look around,  
If you want to be dismayed, look ahead,  
If you want to be perplexed, look at others,  
If you want to be miserable, look at yourself.  
But if you want to be happy, *look to Jesus.*"

Although Mr. Ward was not so active in work outside now, he was not limited in his interests in world affairs. He read with great interest about missionary work in China and Japan, and prayed most earnestly for "poor China" when Japan and Russia invaded that country. He seemed well posted as to events in Africa, South America and Europe, wherever the gospel message was needed. He never lost interest in Bible study and especially in his hobby of finding "triads." In his last small diary he has this note, "I have found in the Bible 3,938 triads, in

literature 9,284, a total of 13,222." He had found them in his extensive reading and copied them in large note books. These Note Books he called after the letters of the alphabet, and was filling his "G" Note book when he had to lay down his pen for the last time.

He had Language Note Books, Medical Note Books, Statistical Note Books, besides his Volumes of Triad Note Books, filling a whole tin trunk in India. These may be useful for retired missionaries to peruse and study!

His daughter found these interesting facts in one of his India Note Books relative to the Free Methodist Church in India :

#### BAPTISMS IN INDIA UP TO APRIL 23, 1927

V. G. McMurry	28	Elizabeth Moreland	3
H. L. Crockett	19	W. B. Olmstead	7
Benjamin Winget	13	R. N. Davis	10
M. C. Clarke	3	F. A. Puffer	4
J. T. Taylor	90	W. N. Thuline	4
John S. MacGeary	4	E. F. Ward	277
S. D. Casberg	26		<hr/>
Anandrao	12	Total	500

These baptisms were not all adults but they are all adults now if still living. Their names are all written down in the Baptismal Register books of the Mission with dates and places where they were baptized, and it is hoped that every one of the names are also recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life above. There have been hundreds of baptisms since Mr. Ward made the above addition which was nearly a quarter of a century ago. After Mr. Ward left India, the "Provisional Conference" was



organized by Rev. H. F. Johnson, Missionary Secretary, who went to India in 1937, and the years of sowing have been bringing forth a bountiful harvest.

When Mr. Ward was spending his last days in "heavenly Hermon" as he liked to call it, some people



Mr. Ward with Ethel and Bessie  
in Hermon, California

seeing his ripened locks, his trembling hands and tottering steps would say, "he is long overdue in Heaven." But God knew just when his earthly pilgrimage should end, so He let him remain long enough to see five more annual camp meetings and conferences in Southern California. He attended every one, and all the revival meetings also. He was always interested in the conversion of young and old, and kept track of the number of seekers at the altar

and wrote it down in his diary. He often prayed for them around the family altar.

His strength gradually decreased year by year, but his love for the Bible and prayer continually increased. As his strength decreased he would often drop asleep on his knees, he would feel drowsy in meetings, and in imagination he was often in India. During the last year his daughter would hear him talking in Hindi to an

imaginary person in the room. After dealing with the imaginary person, he would say, "Let us pray," Then he would kneel down and pray, then say, "You pray now," But the imaginary person did not pray, much to his regret. Then he would say later to his daughter, "He must have had a dumb devil because he would not pray."

"Hardening of the spine" or "sclerosis" is the disease that afflicted Mr. Ward but he was able to eat and digest his food and get about the house, until October 1937 when his faltering steps could not go any farther. He lay in bed and took some nourishment. He did not seem to be in much pain, but he always wanted his daughter by his side, and asked her to read the Bible to him when he did not have strength to hold it in his bed.

"I hope the Lord will call me Home," he said to his daughter several times, "but He knows best just when to take me."

His last Sabbath day on earth his daughter was sitting by his bedside and he put out his arm to touch her and called her, "Ethel Ellen." Those were his last words. He soon became unconscious and did not say a word or open his eyes for two days.

Some of his friends said, "Oh, I would like to be near him when he comes to the crossing."

No one knew exactly when it might be, but his breathing seemed shorter and shorter. November 3, about midnight his daughters and Miss Edith Santee were standing by his bedside. Others were sleeping in the house so it did not seem advisable to sing audibly at that hour, but picking up a hymn book they began to read that immortal hymn, "Jesus Lover of my soul." They read it through in unison. When they came to the closing lines,

“Thou of life the Fountain art,  
    Freely let me take of Thee,  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
    Rise to all Eternity.”

The watchers looked up and saw his eyes opening in one glorious smile! His Lord had come to welcome him to his HOME above!

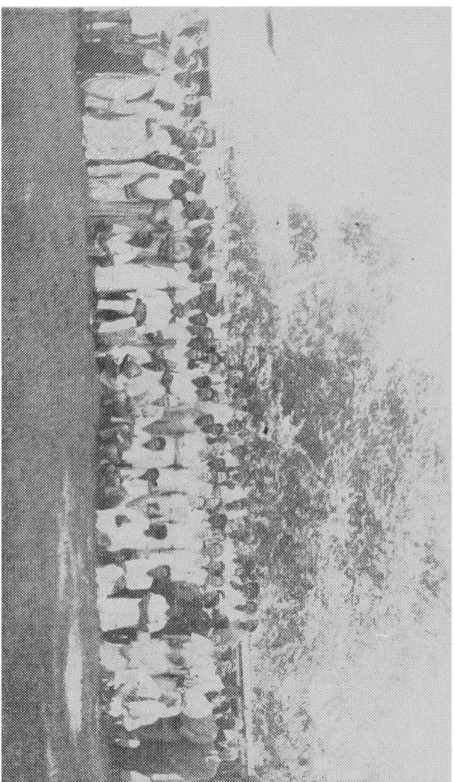
“His last feeble step had been taken.”

He had stepped over the Heavenly Threshold! and was experiencing the reality of the words:

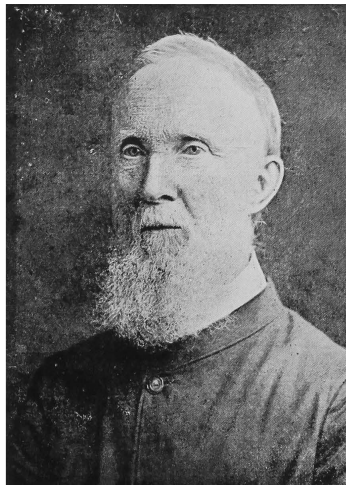
“When the last feeble step has been taken,  
    And the Gates of that City appear,  
And the sound as of murmuring waters  
    Float down on my listening ear,  
When all that now seems so mysterious  
    Will be bright and as clear as the day,  
Then the toils of the road will seem nothing  
    When we get to the end of the way.”

Mr. Ward's funeral was held in the Free Methodist Church. Rev. W. B. Olmstead preached from the text, Daniel 12:3. “They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever.”

Mr. Ward's tired feet are resting in the family plot of the Evergreen Cemetery in Los Angeles, California until the Resurrection Morning!



Holiness Association, Annual Convention at Yeotmal, India in October, 1949



Rev. Ernest F. and Mrs. Phoebe E. Ward  
at the close of life after their years  
of service in India







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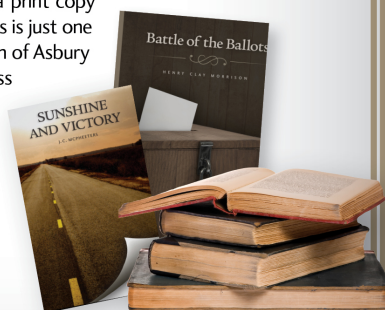
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